

WILLIAM BOOTH, FOUNDER

EDWARD J. HIGGINS, GENERAL

The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.
LONDON. E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

AND NEWFOUNDLAND

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
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TORONTO 2, AUGUST 24th, 1929.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Commissioner.

ONE OF GOD'S MILLIONAIRES

(See page 3)



WITH A CRY OF DELIGHT SHE KISSED HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN

SURRENDER

Give me a holy life,
Spotless and free;
Cleansed by the crystal flow,
Coming from Thee.
Purge the dark halls of thought,
Here let Thy work be wrought,
Such wish and feeling brought,
Captive to Thee.

All my best works are naught,
Pleasee thee not Thee,
Far past my busy hands,
Thine eye doth see,
Into the depths of mind,
Searching the plan designed,
Gladdened when Thou dost find
First of all—Thee.

Cleanse, thou refining flame,
All that is mine;
Self only may remain
If thou refine,
Fix the intention sure,
Make my desire secure,
With love my heart keep pure,
Rooted in Thee.

Now is my will resigned,
Struggles are quelled;
Clay on the wheel am I,
Nothing withheld.
Master, I yield to Thee,
Crumble, then fashion me,
Flawless and fit to be
Indwelt by Thee.

L. Taylor-Hunt, Adjutant.

THINK ON IT

I wonder if ever you change human beings with arguments alone, either by peppering them with little sharp facts, or by blowing them up with great guns of truth?

I wonder if ever you make any real difference in human beings without understanding them and loving them? For when you argue with a man, you are somehow trying to pull him down to make him less (yourself more); but when you try to understand him, how eager is he then to know the truth you have; and you add to him in some strange way, you make him more than he was before; and at the same time, and that is the sheer magic of it, you yourself become more.—David Grayson.

AT THE CROSS-ROADS

After an absence of many years an Australian Envoy visited the Corps where, as a lad, he had been converted. He had prospered, not only spiritually, but materially, and was the head of a large firm.

While in his old home-town he met a companion of his boyhood who had sneered at him when he gave his heart to God, and was now on the verge of a drunkard's grave, after a life of sin. The contrast between the lives of these two men, both well known, made a deep impression.

"MY POWERS DECLINING"

A sculptor had wrought what was supposed to be his masterpiece, and his friends crowded around to congratulate him. Instead of finding a proud and happy man, as they expected, they found a man evidently miserable and disconsolate.

"My powers are declining," said he in explanation. But why? There was no hint of loss of mastery in the sculpture. But he persisted. "My powers are declining. I know it, because for the first time I find myself satisfied with myself!"

He was probably right. When we are satisfied with ourselves it is too often the first touch of death.

RUTS IN THE BRAIN

Scientists say that a certain way of thinking makes ruts, so to speak, in the grey matter of the brain, so that the thoughts of to-day naturally follow the thoughts of yesterday.

What an effort of will, therefore, is necessary before a sinner can change his thoughts and turn from his evil ways of life! But in the strength of God this can be done. His command is: "Let the wicked forsake his way."

"Be Careful for Nothing"

By Envoy David Shankland, Toronto Temple

"Do not be over-anxious about anything, but by prayer and earnest pleading, together with thanksgiving, let your requests be unreservedly made known in the presence of God, and then the peace of God, which transcends all our powers of thought, will be a garrison to guard your hearts and minds in union with Christ Jesus."—Phil. 4: 6, 7 (Weymouth translation).

CERTAINLY it is not the part of wisdom to be careless regarding the duties and burdens of life. There is, however, a tremendous difference between being duly careful and being full of care. So numerous are the cares and worries that come one's way (regarding both temporal and spiritual matters) that one must say good-bye to happiness, did he permit them to lodge with him.

Worry is the little brother of fear, and he grows rapidly. Fearfulness, or foreboding, is the agent of Satan, and no child of God should be affected with it. To be the slave of care is to spend one's days in a mental prison, condemned to mentally hard labor.

A Futile Habit

Satan has no stronger ally than the futile habit of over-burdening one's mind with the cares of life. Worry is not only futile, it is extremely enervating. Undue care never assists; it always retards. Its victim is not only bereft of peace, but he is destitute of the power to do really worth-while work.

It is true that due consideration is the companion of faith. It is equally true that faith and worry are incompatible. God's Word tells us that we live by faith. Then it must be the duty of every professing Christian to do all within his power to resist that which destroys faith.

The message quoted at the beginning of the article from Phil. 4: 6, 7, is God's remedy for the burdened heart and mind, and also His recipe for keeping unburdened hearts and minds free from corroding care.

God's remedy never fails. Yet there are, apparently, people who are unable to obtain deliverance from unrest and fear. There is a definite reason for this. It is because they cover up sins of omission or commission. Unconfessed sin separates the seeker from God's favor, and always will. God's Word says: "He who covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

It is necessary to make candid confession to have peace with God. And it is necessary to be at peace with God to be privileged to "let our requests be unreservedly made known in the presence of God," and thus obtain "the peace of God, which transcends all our powers of thought."

Peace with God is the result of Christ's work for us, and the enjoyment of the peace of God, is the result of His work in us. All fear, other than that which is filial or reverential, is demoralizing. To harbor it means submission to the enemy's wiles. While Satan would have us believe that it is the part of humility to be weak and not too sure about anything, God is calling: "Be strong and of good courage . . . for the Lord, thy God, will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."

How woefully hindered is the cause of Christ by the unnecessary burdens of care carried by Christians. Satan has many of them so harassed that they are a heavy liability instead of a powerful asset. Men and women who should be, and easily could be, fighting soldiers, are now shamefully impotent and a discouragement to others who could be won for Christ.

Complete Deliverance

Thank God, there is complete deliverance from worry and from all of Satan's thralldom for those who are willing to obey. "Heaven and earth may pass away, but Jesus never fails."

Troubled Christian, here is the remedy: "Do not be over-anxious about anything." Take it to God in prayer. If there should be sin or fault, confess fully. Then take time and "pray through." The wonderful peace of God will then fill your soul and you will have the luxury of feasting on the fulfilment of the promises of God, while you experience the triumph of faith over fear. "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love, and of a sound mind."—2 Tim. 1:7.

REMEMBER THAT—

Difficulties are things that show what men are.

Good intentions unused very quickly lose their strength.

True religion consists in God's will and man's will being in unison.

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.

When God finds a tool ready for His purpose, He employs that tool in His work.

The only cure for indolence is work. The only cure for selfishness is sacrifice.

To see Christ is bliss; to know Him, life; to love Him, happiness; to possess Him, Heaven.

Doing things for God transfigures and glorifies duty and makes the most menial service splendid.

The way to make our life an eternal success is to do what Jesus did with His—present it a living sacrifice to God.

The greatest and the best talent that God gives to any man or woman

in this world is the talent of prayer.

It is one of the first laws of God that the man who will not give shall not possess.

If you are faithful to present duties, God will promote you to higher ones as soon as it is safe to do it.

IS THERE ANY HOPE?

The old-time Corps of Hamilton, Scotland, is the scene of soul-saving success.

Saturday night saw six seekers, including a mother and her two daughters, who have been wrought upon for weeks, at the mercy-seat. A man who went to school with the Treasurer as a boy, but who had taken the wrong path in early life, expressed his determination to live for Jesus.

On Sunday night a woman who had spent the day in revelry, came to the Open-air meeting, was immediately taken charge of by two sisters, and escorted to the Hall, where, during the singing of the second song, she cried, "Is there any hope for me?" and knelt at the penitent-form, where she found deliverance. She was followed to the Cross by another woman and a boy of ten.—British "War Cry."



Readings
From The
Quiet
Hour

Sunday, August 25th, Matthew 22: 15-33.

"Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God. The Sadducees erre, because they did not rest on the Infinite Rock. Therefore, they were perplexed by details, and stood as it were upon shifting sand. If your faith rests on God's Word and His power, no power in earth or Hell can overthrow it, for you are resting on the living God.

Monday, August 26th, Matthew 22: 24-46.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Start to-day to obey this command literally, and you will be surprised at the difference it will make to your life. It will take away all the hard, unsympathetic corners from your character, and will enable you to put yourself in your neighbor's place, and so to look at things from his standpoint.

Tuesday, August 27th, Matthew 23: 1-12.

"All their works they do for to be seen of men." When we think of it, how wonderful it is that many of the most beautiful scenes in nature are only seen by the birds and wild animals, for man rarely if ever visits them. Everything in nature is most perfectly made and finished, though it may never be seen. Is your work done in the same way, or are you only particular about what is "seen of men?"

Wednesday, August 28th, Matthew 23: 12-28.

"Blind guides which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." A gnat is small, a camel very large, yet there are people who, as the Lord said, make a fuss about a small passing matter, whilst allowing themselves to commit some serious wrong.

Thursday, August 29th, Matthew 23: 29-30.

"Ye should not." The Siege of Jerusalem took place less than forty years after the Saviour spoke these words. Some of His hearers must have thought of what He had said when they were going through that terrible Siege, one of the worst of the world has ever known. Trouble is always hard to bear, but when it comes through our own fault, when we "would not" choose the good, then it is sorrow indeed.

Friday, August 30th, 1 Samuel 13: 1-14.

"What hast thou done?" As with the people so with the king. Instead of patiently carrying out God's instructions and leaving the results with Him, Saul thinks he can improve matters by taking the arrangements into his own hands. Then, like so many when they have taken a false step, instead of acknowledging his mistake, he begins to make excuses and endeavors to justify himself. God will meet and help all who go to Him with the honest truth and openly confess their wrongdoing. He cannot support those who make light of sin.

Saturday, August 31st, 1 Samuel 13: 16-23.

"Philistine rule in Israel." This is a picture of the way the Devil treats those under his control. He robs them of the natural means of fighting him. God meant His people to be victors in Canaan, but through their own folly and sin they became abject slaves.

ONE OF GOD'S MILLIONAIRES

A Story Extracted by a "War Cry" Representative from the Diary of Staff-Captain Coy

DAME NATURE tucked the little Ontario town beneath its first snow blanket of the season, then withdrew her clouds and smiled upon the silvery covering. It was a thin coverlet—so thin that the steel runners of long-entombed hand-sleighs cut through it, and scraped noisily along the cement sidewalks, behind the throngs of Winter-welcoming children.

Each evening now, the dusk fell more rapidly, and by the time The Army Ensign had finished his visitation and returned to the Quarters, the town was shrouded in semi-darkness. The Ensign heaved a sigh of relief as he threw himself into the big rocking chair by the stove.

"What problems life presents," he muttered to himself, half aloud. "The good and the innocent suffer, and the wicked appear to flourish as the green bay tree!" He mused for a few moments, and then ejaculated, "But do they prosper? What is prosperity? Money? Lands? Positions? No! I don't think so. True prosperity must be expressible in spiritual terms. If not, our whole philosophy of life falls to the ground."

Just then a faint knock was heard upon the back door. When the door was thrown open the light from the kitchen revealed a curly-headed little girl upon the step, dressed in white coat and toque, and with a big woollen scarf wound warmly about her neck. She could not have been more than

eight years of age.

"Are you the Captain?" she asked, in her small voice.

"Yes, I am The Army Captain."

"Well, please sir, my daddy is across the road, and I would like to see him—so much. Would you take me over to see him? We are so lonely."

She looked into the Ensign's face with a smile that plainly said, "I trust you. I know you can do anything."

Across the road? The Ensign caught the significance of her words. The County Jail, forbidding and stern, was just across the road.

He bent down and looked into her face. "My dear, I am afraid the Governor won't allow us to see your daddy at this hour." He was going to say more, but two big tears stealing from beneath her long eye-lashes stopped him short.

Just wait here a minute," he added huskily.

The Ensign had known the prison turnkey, in his "wild" days, so he ran across the street and told the lassie's story. Permission was granted for the child to be taken as far as the cell's door, where she would be able to see her father through the iron bars.

Eagerly she grasped the Ensign's hand, and crossed the street to the frowning prison. Through the door they went, and down a long echoing corridor. At last the cell was reached

and father and little daughter stood face to face.

The father, his heart strangely moved, stooped until he was on a level with the child's face. With a cry of delight, she pressed her face against the bars, and kissed him again and again. Tears coursed down the man's cheeks.

"My God, Ensign, but this is a touching scene," whispered the turnkey, with a catch in his voice.

"Is it not the outcome of sin?" the Ensign answered softly. "Was he not a drunkard and a wife-beater? His wrong-doing has brought him to this. 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' But the innocent—how they suffer!"

It was quite dark when the tall man and the little girl came forth from the prison. Inside the gloomy walls it was still darker. But a ray of light had entered one man's soul. A conscience had been awakened; noble longings had been stirred to fresh life. Before morning the man had found his Saviour.

The Army Ensign met the prison-convert on his release. For weeks he coached him in his spiritual life. Then one evening there was an Enrolment service held in the little Ontario town. Folk came from far and near to witness the event. In the very front seat of the Hall sat a mother and daughter, whose shining faces showed quite obviously their inward happiness. They had come from a little

frame house over the river. At one time life in that frame house had been a veritable hell upon earth; to-day it was a paradise.

Beneath the glorious Red, Yellow and Blue the recruits were sworn-in as Soldiers of the Cross, and among the number was the erstwhile drunkard. He had found prosperity in the truest sense—its spiritual sense. His wealth—home, family, and above all, the possession of a conscience void of offence toward God or man—was such that no human statistician could possibly estimate it. He had become one of God's millionaires. A man of modest means and modest learning, a laborer—but one of God's millionaires!

Thus the Ensign reasoned as he trudged through the snow to his Quarters. His philosophy of life, which was Christ's philosophy of life had been justified. Happiness and spiritual freedom, a bright girlie, a contented wife, a home—what greater riches than these?

Then the Ensign prayed, "O God, I am wealthy, too! I can serve others. Help me to understand, to value, to use my wealth."

This incident is one of the most happy of many memories cherished by Staff-Captain Coy, now of the Subscriber's Department, Toronto. And it is by no means a solitary incident; there are scores of parallel cases, and to-day our Officers are instrumental in leading lost sheep to the Fold.



WHILE TRAVELLING SOUTH

It was in a railway train travelling South that we met. There were three of us. Sandwiches and other eatables were exchanged. Likewise the commonplace remarks, after which our friend the student, for such he proved himself to be, opened up and talked and talked on astronomy—it was his favorite subject—and the wonders of the firmament which surely revealed the majesty and power of the Creator.

Yes, our friend believed in God, and informed us he was seeking to follow "the gleam." Eventually, he arrived at his destination, and friends met him at the station, and he proceeded to the farm where he was to seek change and rest to enable him to recuperate his mental and physical powers which, he said, had been overtaxed.

Our travelling companion Number Two was a horny-handed son of the sea—past life's meridian. He, too, became talkative, and said: "I was a strict churchman, but with no real knowledge of the things of God. One night, in a coast town, thirty-four years ago, I stood and listened to an Open-air. There were only a few people in the ring. The leader read from the Word of God, upon which he commented in the power of the Spirit. That night I was convinced

Short Stories from our Contemporaries

of my need of Salvation and began to read the Bible. Later, I attended an indoor meeting and told the leader I had decided for Christ."

The day wore on and we two knelt together in the compartment, and in prayer rejoiced in our communion with the God of our Salvation.

Traveller Number Three—the writer, is an Army Envoy on his way to his appointment. With his elderly companion he rejoices that forty years ago he himself knelt at a Salvation Army Penitent-form and obtained mercy. Hallelujah!—South African "War Cry."

HE FOUND HIS "MAMMA"

Anxious to find his "mamma" whom he had no recollection of ever having seen, a travel-weary little boy, 11 years of age, arrived at Calgary recently from Montreal with a conducted party in the care of The Salvation Army.

When just a tot his mother and father left him in England with relatives and they came out to Canada to farm in northern Alberta, in the Lac La Biche district. The lad was sent to Montreal to live at a government training depot for boys.

Having accumulated sufficient money to pay his passage to their home, the parents arranged for his trip. He was met at the C.P.R. depot by Adjutant Waterston and was taken to The Army Hostel to wait for the train to take him north.

Arrangements were made for the boy to be met at Edmonton by an Army Officer, where he was transferred to the train to Lac La Biche, where he met his "mamma" whom he was so eager to find.—Canada West "War Cry."

WHILE THE MARCH WENT ON

It was Sunday night, and the Band was swinging along with martial tread. The Assistant Sergeant-Major was passing down the off-side of the column when he noticed a man leaning against the door-post of a house across the road. He looked so dejected that the Assistant Sergeant-Major crossed over and gave the man an invitation to the meeting.

"Can't come," was the reply: "I've got trouble in the house."

"Then let me come in and pray for you," said the A.S.M. He went into the house; got the man on his knees; prayed with him; helped him to pray for himself, and came away rejoicing that he had been enabled to bring another wanderer to the Saviour.—Canada West "War Cry."

LOST—A BOY!

Not kidnapped by bandits in a cave to weep and starve and rouse a nation to frenzied searching? We're that the case, one hundred thousand men would rise to the rescue if need be.

Unfortunately the losing of the lad is without any dramatic excitement though very sad and very real. The fact is, his father lost him! Being too busy to sit with him at the fireside and answer trivial questions during the years when fathers are the great and only heroes of boys, he let go his hold upon him! Yes, his mother lost him! Being much engrossed in her teas, dinners and club programmes, she let the maid hear the boy say his prayers, and thus her grip slipped, and the boy was lost to the home. Aye, his church lost him! Being so much occupied with sermons for the wise and elderly who pay the bills,

and having good care for dignity, the ministers and elders were unmindful of the human feelings of the boy in the "how," and made no provision in sermon or song of manly sport for his boyishness, and so the church and many sad-hearted parents are now looking earnestly for the lost boy!

He must be found! He can be found! Found in that particular spot in the church where interested men were willing to meet him and answer in simple fashion the direct questions of his awakening manhood concerning the realities of life and duty. Here is where the lost boy will be found by men who are willing to look for him!—"Men at Work"—Australian East—"War Cry."

A TIP FOR NEXT SELF-DENIAL

The old adage, "where there is a will there is a way," very often holds true to the person who, finding himself in a tight corner, is willing to have a try.

Somewhat worried about her personal gift, being out of work for a long time a comrade at Port-of-Spain, determined in her own mind that she "must find a way out" of the difficulty, as all good Salvationists should do.

Being a good maker of preserves, she wondered if she could not do something in this way. Accordingly, she set herself to the task of making Guava jelly, and possibly other preserves, and although it took her nearly two months to raise the needed amount, she succeeded, and at the conclusion of the Effort will have the satisfaction of heart, and the blessing of God, in knowing that she did not hang her harp on the willow and say, "I am out of work and have no money, the Lord knows and does not expect impossibilities," but by her own initiative and self-application, found a way.

Should any comrade find himself in a similar position next Self-Denial, may not the lesson here learnt be helpful.—East Indies (East) "War Cry."



VICTORY WINNING ON THE FIELD



BANDSMAN AND WIFE HEAL NEIGHBORS' QUARREL

LONDON 1 (Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman)—Good crowds attended the welcome meetings of our new Divisional Young People's Secretary and Mrs. Galway, on August 3rd and 4th. The Commandant visited the Company meeting and spoke to the Young People. Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman have taken good hold in the Corps and despite the hot weather, the attendance at meetings is excellent. People flock to the Open-air meeting held in the Market Square and the Park. On Sunday afternoon four souls came to the Mercy-seat. Two splendid cases of conversion also occurred on Sunday night, August 11th, when a man and his wife came to the altar. The woman had intended leaving her husband because of his drinking habits, but a Bandsman and his wife spoke and prayed with them, and persuaded them to attend the meeting where God led them to Himself. Praise God!—Bandmaster Comps.

ACTIVE AT SEVENTY-FOUR

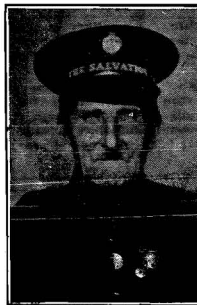
Drum-Sergeant Henry Burd, Port Colbourne

BBETTER KNOWN as "Dad" Burd, our comrade was born in 1855, about one half mile from the village of Ridgeway, and was converted in 1910 at Welland. The comrades in Welland at that time held their meetings in a tent on the canal bank, having no Hall. After much persuasion from his wife, who had then been converted a month, he agreed to accompany her to an Army service. At the close, under deep conviction, he rose, intending to leave. On arriving at the door of the tent the Holy Spirit strove so mightily with him that he turned and made his way to the Penitent-form where he was soundly converted. For the past eighteen years he has been a true Salvationist, and testifies that it has been the happiest period of his life.

"Dad" resides at Crystal Beach, ten miles from Port Colbourne, but for the last nine months has only missed one week-end at the Corps, a good record for a man of seventy-four years!

He tells of an incident in his experience when he was tempted to give up The Army and God for a "better occupation" as he thought, and went so far as to make a special trip to the Hall to notify the Captain of his decision. The Captain was pleading with him to dismiss the thought when "Dad" raised his eyes

to the picture of Christ which hung on the wall in front of him. Looking into the gentle, tender Face a vision came to him of the Saviour's sufferings and of his own terrible past from which the Lord had saved him.



Drum-Sergeant Henry Burd

All desire for this world's perishable store left him at that instant and since that time he has proved that in seeking first the Kingdom of God "all ... things have been added."

New Officers Welcomed

TORONTO TEMPLE (Field-Major and Mrs. Ellsworth)—Sunday, July 28th, Major and Mrs. Bristow conducted the services. A lovely spirit was in all the meetings. In the evening Lieutenant Dorothy Bateman gave her testimony. At the close of a well-fought Prayer-meeting nine souls were found kneeling at the Mercy-seat. Field-Major and Mrs. Ellsworth were given a royal welcome to the Temple Corps on Saturday and Sunday, August 4th and 5th. Soldiers, Locals, Band and Songsters all rallied around them at both outdoors and inside meetings.

Lt-Colonel DesBrisay and Captain Winnie Payne, on furlough, who entered the work from this Corps, each gave a few words of testimony. Three souls were saved as the result of the day's fighting.

Songster Elsie Gray and Brother Jack Bray were united in marriage on Saturday, August 3rd, by Major Bristow. The Band and Songsters were present and a large number of guests were present at the reception. —A. Payne.

A Happy Anniversary

Envoy and Mrs. Cresswell recently celebrated twenty years of happy wedded life at their Toronto residence. Relatives and Salvation Army comrades gathered to offer congratulations and kind wishes. Salvation songs were sung, after refreshments were served. One of the Cresswell brothers, Mr. Wm. Cresswell, representing the family, spoke words of eulogy for his brother and Mrs. Cresswell, Lt-Colonel Moore followed, representing comrades of many years. He with Mrs. Moore, has had the pleasure of being closely in touch with these comrades.

Envoy and Mrs. Cresswell were united in marriage when Soldiers of old No. 1. Moving to the east of the city they gave good service in the Danforth Corps, where their memory is still green. Later they moved farther east and, consequently, linked up with the Byng Avenue Corps, where their help has been invaluable, our comrades having soldiered there since the opening of the Corps.

May they be spared to celebrate many other such ceremonies.

EXHIBITION VISITORS

SPECIAL VISIT OF OSHAWA BAND TO DOVERCOURT CORPS
LABOR WEEK-END, AUGUST 31st and SEPTEMBER 1st
UNITED FESTIVAL
on SATURDAY, at 8 p.m.

Latest Journals will be played, including Staff-Captain Cole's "Jubilant"

FIRST EVIDENCES OF SALVATION

WEST TORONTO (Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)—The members of our week-night meetings are on the increase. The Open-air, too, are drawing interested crowds. Some have told of blessings received.

On the last two Sundays God has specially poured out His Spirit. Two men whom we have been praying for voluntarily accepted Christ. One left his cigarettes and drink license on the Penitent-form.—B. H.

United Meeting for Pictou County

NEW GLASGOW (Adjutant and Mrs. Woolcott)—On Sunday, July 21st, we had with us Field-Major Urquhart, who has been furloughing here. In the night meeting one young comrade consecrated her life afresh to God.

On Monday, July 22nd, the united meeting of the Pictou County Corps was held here. This meeting was led on by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ursaki, assisted by the county Officers, also a number of visiting Officers. The infant daughter of Adjutant and Mrs. Woolcott was dedicated to God by the Staff-Captain. The week-end meetings, July 27th and 28th, were led by our own Officers. In the Holiness meeting three comrades came forward.—Candidate G. Carter.

Two at Altar

CARLETON PLACE (Captain Clarke, Lieutenant Goodall)—On Sunday, August 4th, we had with us Captain Cameron, of Windsor Divisional Headquarters who was in charge of the meetings all day. His messages were an inspiration. In the Holiness meeting one comrade claimed the blessing of a Clean Heart, while in the Salvation meeting at night one soul found Christ. We were also glad to have Sisters Mrs. Goodall and Johnston from Toronto with us.—D.C.

Filling the Furlough Branch

YORKVILLE (Commandant and Mrs. Raymer)—The Saturday evening Open-air was conducted by Commandant Breefoot. On Sunday at the close of the evening meeting, the Band Songsters, and a number of the comrades took part in a great Open-air meeting in the Rosedale Ravine which was attended by an appreciative crowd.

During the Officer's absence on furlough, the meetings were led by Staff-Captain Ball, Commandant Breefoot, Adjutant Robinson, Ensigns Tiffin and Gage, Lieutenants Anderson and Shears, Bandmaster Badley and members of the Band. We had some very good times with two souls at the Cross.

Carrying on the War

NORTH TORONTO (Captain and Mrs. Evenden)—The Saturday evening meetings were conducted by Staff-Captain Frank Ham, of the Training Garrison. Our ranks were depleted by the absence of many of our comrades, who are on their vacation. However, the war was carried on by those who remained. The addresses of the Staff-Captain were full of blessing to those present. We finished the day with one soul at the Cross.

Visitors Lend a Hand

NAPANESE (Ensign and Tucker and Lieut. G. Bradbury)—On Saturday, July 27th, we had with us Bro. Bradbury, of Chatham, for the week-end. We had splendid crowds in the Open-air, and God's presence was felt in the meetings on Sunday.

Under the Colors

WESTVILLE (Ensign Cuveller, Lieutenant Roy). Our Ensign is on furlough at present. On Sunday evening, July 28th, we had an Enrolment Service. Sister Mrs. Columbine took her stand under the Colors. We derived great blessing from this meeting.

Healed Through Prayer

BARRIE (Ensign and Mrs. Powell)—Our Band is progressing spiritually as well as musically and is greatly improved by the Ensign's playing. The Band has been visiting neighboring villages and the park in town and we are confident that good is being done. Brother and Sister Burdett, of Hamilton III, were with us on August 11th and a hallowed time was spent. We are thankful to God that Sergeant-Major W. Harris has been restored to us again after being ill. Last Sunday one sister claimed healing of the body through prayer. —W. Beaumont.

People Listened Outside

WINDSOR IV (Captains Wade and Pilfrey)—On Sunday our meetings were conducted by Lieutenant Nesbitt of Birchcliff, an Officer who put in some very good work when we were just an Outpost. One soul surrendered to God. Our Hall was packed and people were standing outside the open door drinking in the message. We are praying that the seed sown may spring forth in the hearts of these people.—M. Sunderland.

Asked to Come Again

SUMMERSIDE (Captain Rumford, Lieutenant Hogarth)—Last Sunday we held an Open-air for one of our comrades who has been sick for twenty years and we believe we did her some good. At night one backslider came forward. On Tuesday we held an Open-air at Bedouque and the people asked us to come again. Our Outposts have been visited and the people are pleased with our gatherings.—Ava Wilson.

Visiting Bandmen Assist

WARTON (Captain Barrett, Lieutenant McDowell)—We were visited by a quartet of Bandmen from Owen Sound on Sunday. They rendered splendid service during the day. In the afternoon we visited one of our Outposts and conducted a number of Open-air. We had a good attendance at the Salvation meeting, ending with two seekers.—Cheerio.

Four at the Cross

LONDON III (Ensign and Mrs. Morrison)—On Sunday, July 28th, Brigadier and Mrs. Burton and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wright were with us for the Holiness meeting. This was the farewell of the Staff-Captain and his wife. We wish them God's blessing in their new appointment.

At night Captain Snowden, who went out as an Officer from this Corps, was in charge of the meeting. Recently four men knelt at the Cross.



Our Musical Fraternity



DEVELOPMENT OF TONAL QUALITIES IN BANDS

By Bandsman Harold Scotney, of New Zealand

CAMPAIGNING WITH A PURPOSE

Recently I accompanied a Band for a week-end campaign to a small town. The Band in question does not often go away for a week-end, and hence there was eagerness on the part of each Bandsman to do his very best. Now, the Corps visited was in a little place of some five thousand people, and in order to relieve the comrades of part of the financial responsibility incurred with the Band's coming, the visiting Bandsmen, with the permission of their Commanding Officer, gave a festival in their own Hall a week previously, and raised a helpful sum toward the travelling!

A spirit of comradeship was at once manifested when upon entering the town it was discovered that the local forces had turned out to play their visiting comrades through the main thoroughfare to the Hall.

Although the Salvation meeting was held in a moving picture house, I venture to suggest that not one of the 800 people present had any doubt about its aim and object; the definite testimonies and pointed Bible addresses prepared the way for a red-hot prayer-battle.

In this the Bandsmen were not idle; whilst a few accompanied the singing others went "fishing." There was no

DURING the past thirty years a great change has taken place in the tone of Bands. This change has been gradual rather than clearly defined, until we now note that the work of the 'nineties clash with ideals in tone and quality of Band present-day conceptions.

At one time it was thought proper for a brass Band to have a brassy, blatant tone, but the further away we get from the brassy idea, the better. When the silver-plated instrument was first introduced the untutored ear noticed that there was an absence of "ring"; but the cultivation of taste for plated instruments has not taken much effort. With the general use of silver-plated instruments we do not think so much in terms of brass. Whatever has been the cause of the change, it is certainly for the better, and the up-to-date Bandmaster always keeps abreast of the times.

The tendency amongst good Bands to-day is to strive after greater breadth of tone without the "brassiness." To secure this end instruments have passed through some changes. The basses, euphoniums, etc., are all of larger bore than formerly, while the present-day Salvation Army Triumphonic baritone is

To-day the flugel horn and larger instruments have greater prominence, and we would build a Band upon the following basis:

Soprano, 1; solo cornet, 2; 1st cornet, 2; 2nd cornet, 1; flugel horns, 2; tenors, 3; baritones, 3; euphoniums, 2; Eb bass, 2; Bb bass, 2.

Thus the blatancy of the past has given place to breadth and also to a brilliancy which is the result of tone cultivation in both individual and combination.

The improvement of our music also has had a good deal to do with the change. It has made greater and different demands upon both the individual performer and the combination. Further, the increased use of the Band as an accompaniment to congregational singing has made it necessary to depart from the old ideas with regard to tone. The accompaniment work has certainly not been treated with the seriousness it deserves. We often hear the "organ-like tone" spoken of when referring to a Band, but we very seldom hear that tone produced. Yet this is the ideal for which every Bandmaster should strive. No Bands have a better chance to cultivate an "organ-like tone" than Salvation Army Bands. The nature of our work demands that

half the Bandsman do not use the book at all, but just put in their own parts. Is this right? Is it fair to the arranger? Is it fair to the public? How can the tone of the Band receive any consideration when the arrangement of the music is not even treated with respect? With the publishing of the new Tune Book which we expect will be issued within the next few months, it is hoped that both Bandmasters and Bandsmen will treat this side of our playing with a good deal more care.

If it is insisted that every man play his part, and only his part, then some attention can be given by the Bandmaster to the cultivation of the "organ-like tone" by the Band as a combination. The nearest possible approach to this tone should be the ideal. We should all strive to attain to this, and if due attention is given to the proper class of music for the cultivation of tone, a great improvement can be brought about amongst our Bands, particularly with respect to indoor playing.

If Bandmasters would open their practices with a hymn tune or by playing a set of scales, an improvement of tone would result. Not only so, but the tone of the Band would be arranged. Either of the aforementioned plans will allow every player to not only play his own part properly and with thought, but will enable him to cultivate the habit of listening to his comrades.

MUSICAL NOTES

Fenelon Falls Band is working over-time these days! The Summer resorts in the vicinity of the villages offer wonderful Open-air opportunities, of which the Band is taking full advantage. Of late weeks Sturgeon Point, Coboconk and Kirkfield have been visited. Several furloughing Officers augmented the Band. On a recent Sunday the Band headed a Lodge Parade in connection with the decoration of graves in the local cemetery.

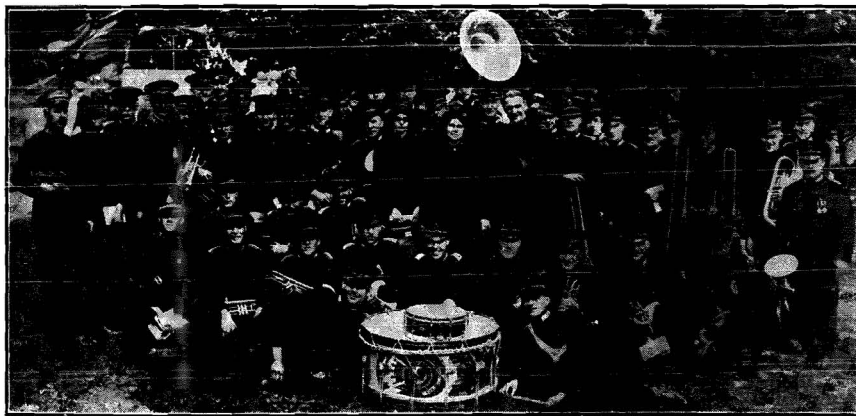
An error which appeared on the Musical Fraternity page last week attributed Owen Sound Corps with "seventy-five" instruments. Whilst our Bandsmen-comrades have limitless faith that such a thing is possible, they have not yet attained to such proportions. The account should have read "twenty-five instrumentalists."

In the report of the Montreal I Band's visit to Quebec it was stated that no Army Band had marched the streets of this city for thirty-nine years. We are informed that the Canadian Staff Band did so some time previous to 1914, when the majority of the Bandsmen perished in the "Empress of Ireland" disaster.

FREDERICTON BAND INVADES U.S.A.

The Fredericton Band, with Commandant and Mrs. Poole, spent a very happy week-end recently at Houlton, Maine. The Bandsman rendered splendid service and came home after the Sunday meetings tired, but happy. Adjutant and Mrs. Farmer, the Corps Officers, had all arrangements well in hand. The Sunday afternoon service was held in the Opera House, and was featured by the burning of the mortgage. Colonel Margetts, Major and Mrs. Clark, and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Nickols were present.

Commandant and Mrs. Poole visited the Municipal Home and treated the old folk and children to ice cream and cake on the lawn.



The Peterboro Band, augmented by "old boys" from several Corps in Canada and the United States, photographed on the occasion of "Old Home Week." Major Beer, Ensign Green, former Corps Officer, and the present Officers are in the group

effort to hurry the Prayer Meeting, and the congregation were not informed that "if there is time" the Band may render a few items to close the day! Music and Banding was forgotten in the real hand-to-hand fight with the forces of evil, and victory was achieved in the surrender of a fine batch of seekers.

Possessed of definite opinion of what might be accomplished by any Band's "away" week-end, and at the same time cognizant of the fact that often these campaigns do not prove as spiritually fruitful as they might be, this article is penned, and in the hope that the suggestions it contains will help those who have the arrangement of such visits in their hands.

It pays to put "first things first," and Band "away" week-ends—which undoubtedly are most enjoyable from a personal standpoint—can be made to serve a God-glorifying end if Bandsmen are first and foremost out to save souls.—N.B.S.

quite as heavy as many of the euphoniums of earlier days. The Eb basses in use at the present time are of the type known as "monsters," and are very different from the old type of Eb bass. Then the flugel horn has come more into prominence of recent years. At one time it was a rare thing to see even one flugel horn in use, whereas to-day three are frequently used.

All these changes have broadened the tone of Bands until, with the added improvement in the players themselves, our best combinations can produce a tone that would have been impossible in the past.

In the years of long ago the instrumentation of a Band would work out as follows:

Soprano, 1; solo cornet, 1; 1st cornet, 1; repleano cornet, 1; 2nd cornet, 1; 3rd cornet, 1; tenors, 4; baritones, 3; trombones, 3; euphoniums, 1; Eb bass, 2; Bb bass, 1.

we do a lot of hymn-playing, and also accompanying congregational singing, and these two styles of playing, if taken seriously and properly cultivated, will do more to give a Band the desired tone than anything else.

If Bands are to retain their places as a singing accompaniment, this particular class of work will need to be treated more seriously, and one of the first things requiring attention is the tone of the Band. Speaking in a general sense, the individual player must improve his tone before the tone of the Band can show much improvement, but there is a sense in which the Bandmaster can greatly assist in this direction. He must pay more attention to the playing of the Band inside the Hall. For example, how many of our Bands or Bandmasters take the Tune Book seriously? And yet many of the arrangements in this book are very beautiful. Very often, if a Band is playing from this book,

From All Quarters of the Globe

A Survey of Current Thought & Events

THE SCHOOL—FIFTY

YEARS HENCE

"I THINK that as means of transportation increase, and as the housing problem finds its solution increasingly in the garden suburb, the tendency of the next half-century will be to build more and more day schools in the country in the midst of 30-acre playing fields, the ideal set up by the Board of Education for schools of 500 people. The influence of the country, be it mountain, moor, or river, or mere meadow-land, should be within the reach of all British children," said Miss Lucy A. Lowe, Headmistress of Leeds Girls' High School.

"I see, too, buildings of a simpler, perhaps even of a less permanent structure, of one or at most of two storeys, with unrestricted provisions of light and air and far more space than hitherto for the individual development of head and hand—libraries, art-rooms, craft-rooms, rooms for music and drama, will grow to be more important than classrooms, I believe, and I should not be surprised if, fifty years hence, the item of desks, as we know them, disappears from the estimates for the future of a new school."

"But what of the living element, without which the most beautiful of schools situated in the most spacious of playing-fields is the mere outside of the platter?"

"I suggest that with the broadening of a curriculum and of an examination system in which academic, aesthetic, practical, and physical subjects have their true place, it may not be unusual to find the headmistress of a large girls' secondary school a specialist in art or in music, in domestic science, or in physical culture—no super-specialist, but one whose general education is such that she can keep in close touch with those interests which are in other branches of study than her own."

NEWS—THEN AND NOW

THE FIRST NUMBER of the Cincinnati "Inquirer" was printed in 1841. Recently this newspaper reprinted the first issue and an item of news in it illustrates the great change that has come over the collection of news since those early days.

The first issue of the "Inquirer" contained the official announcement, in Washington, of the sudden death of General Harrison, President of the United States. Washington is 600 miles away from Cincinnati, and the news took six days to reach Cincinnati.

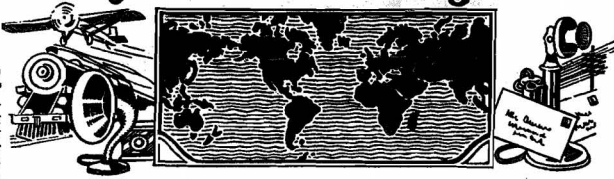
Were such a death to occur now it would be known in every part of the civilized world in as many minutes as it took days to reach Cincinnati in 1841.

How easy it is nowadays to understand the Scripture, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

IDOL-MAKER BECOMES USEFUL IN CHINA

THE HEALTH AUTHORITIES of the new Chinese Government are making good use of some of the members of the old regime who found themselves unemployed.

Among them was an idol-maker, whom they have set to work in making models of people suffering from various diseases. The sort of medical museum he builds up is then exhibited, and serves as a valuable first lesson in health to thousands who cannot read or write, but who in this way are made familiar with the outward symptoms of illnesses and are instructed how to take precautions or to begin to cure.



NEW ZEALAND OLD-TIMER

AN OLD GENTLEMAN recently passed away in Auckland, New Zealand, who had lived there since 1842.

He was older than the history of British sovereignty in the Dominion, for he was a child of about two in England when Captain Hobson arrived in New Zealand as its first Governor in 1840.

New Zealand has just celebrated its 80th birthday under British rule, though there were explorers, traders, and missionaries in the country long before the British Government of the day definitely annexed it.

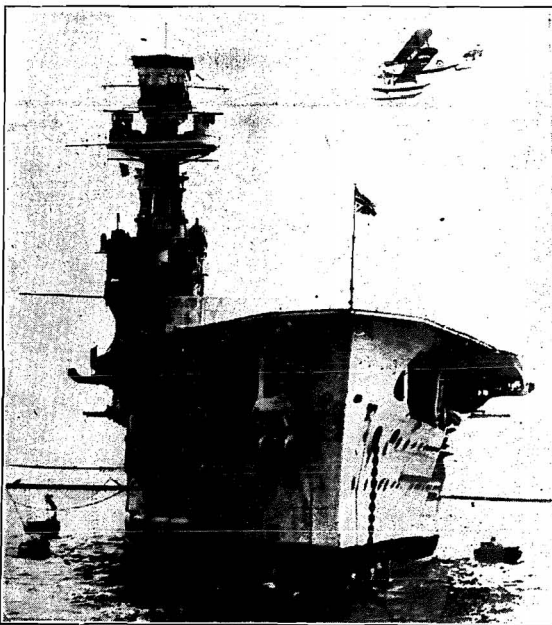
To-day Auckland has a population of nearly 200,000, but when this old gentleman landed it was nothing but a group of wooden huts and Maori

MARTYR TO SCIENCE

A GOLD MEDAL has been conferred by the French Government on a young scientist of the Pasteur Institute, a brave soldier who took no lives but lost his own for the sake of humanity.

Dr. Marie, a young man as great scientific investigators are counted, was engaged in finding a means of combating one of the little-known germs which, mingling in food, cause food-poisoning. The knowledge of these germs is slight, their character obscure.

He had, he believed, succeeded in isolating, or setting apart, the poison from its surroundings in the poisoned material. While pounding it in a mortar a tiny particle must have flown upward and struck and wound-



A QUEER LOOKING CRAFT

This is a photo of the Aircraft Carrier "Eagle," the largest carrier in the world and the ugliest ship afloat

wharves. He remembered the fact that a large party of armed Maoris landed from their canoes in 1852 and threatened Auckland in revenge for an insult offered to one of their paramount chiefs, who was arrested for stealing a shirt.

As for Auckland, he could never cease to wonder at the changes that had taken place since he was a boy and used to play on the banks of the canal that is to-day Queen Street, the business centre of the city.

ed, though ever so slightly, his left eye.

The mishap of Dr. Marie was followed first by inflammation, then by a poisoning of the nerves which eventually set up paralysis, and this brave, unfortunate man, whom none could help because there is no known remedy such as he was seeking for the poison, died in great pain.

Thus another name is added to the roll of heroes who have literally given their lives for others.

UNSIGHTLY—A MOVE

AT LAST

MORE than local interest will (or ought to be) aroused by what one county in Great Britain is doing to prevent hoardings from blotting the landscape. The Merioneth County Council having adopted by-laws dealing with hoardings which disfigure or obscure the view of rural scenery from the highway, the chief constable has taken action against certain persons who ignored, it seems, the warnings of the police.

Some of the defendants were owners of cafes; others were farmers who allowed hoardings on their land. The bench decided to convict in several cases. Some defendants were fined a shilling, others dismissed with a caution.

The penalties are of no account; the point is that a conviction entails the removal of the offending hoarding. The principle is thus established in and around Barnmouth that it is an offence to erect a sign or hoarding which either disfigures a beautiful view or cuts it off from the eyes of the passer-by. The practice of erecting hoardings on agricultural land inside roads leading to towns has gone too far.

It is a "moot" point, perhaps, whether it pays the advertisers to run the risk of antagonizing sensitive people by proclaiming the merits of his wares or his hotel in a blatant manner. He may think there are not enough sensitive people to matter. Some farmers are doubtless ready enough to add to their incomes by permitting hoardings to be erected on their land; they have no wish to regard their fields and the surrounding country from the high road.

But the growth of these eye-sores is of practical concern to any district which relies on its natural beauties to attract visitors. Not only from the aesthetic but from the commercial point of view it is a mistake to allow such disfigurement to spread unchecked. The proper body to exercise supervision and impose restraint is the local authority. The Merioneth County Council and chief constable have set a good example, which many others will do well to follow.

BIRD APPEALS FOR HUMAN AID WHEN IN PAIN

A GIANT PELICAN of Santa Monica, California, recently appealed to a man to relieve him from a pain he could not cure himself (says "Our Dumb Animals"). After hanging around in the air for some time he finally settled down upon the Municipal pier near Mr. Ed Hendricks, who was fishing there near a group of other men. They all noticed that the bird was evidently in pain of some sort, and when Mr. Hendricks gently reached out his hand the pelican stood still and let him make an examination. A little exploring discovered a large fish-hook embedded in its flesh and it was necessary in the ensuing surgical operation to use a pair of pliers, to which the bird submitted courageously. Several times it squawked out in pain, but made no attempt to use its huge bill or wings in anger, and when it was over flew away as happy and relieved as a boy would feel after having had a bad splinter removed from his foot.

AIR MAIL SERVICE

AN AVERAGE of about 1,400 letters a day is being carried over the newly-established air mail service between Montreal and Windsor, according to officials of the Post Office Department, while about half that number is carried daily between Toronto and Buffalo.

Under The Army Flag

AT STAR LAKE CAMP

SPLENDID WORK BEING DONE FOR AMERICA'S YOUNG LIFE

FAMINE IN JAMAICA

Reliefs Depots Organized by Salvation Army—Heart-Rending Scenes

Owing to the long drought in St. Elizabeth (Jamaica), the people are bordering on starvation—many subsisting on mangoes! The Women's Social Service Association in Kingston, made public appeal to help the sufferers. When subscriptions and food were secured, they were in a difficulty, so appealed to Colonel Cloud, Territorial Commander, to organize relief depots. Brigadier Smith, the General Secretary, undertook this work with the help of other Officers. They soon got the arrangements going. The Army now much commendation from the Jamaican public. There were some heart-rending scenes. The land was parched; ground produce was scorched as though by a fire. The people were listless; unable to work on the land. When they saw the Army relief workers they raised their hands in supplication. One woman had lived on green mangoes for four days; another was quite food-tank the Brigadier saw 150 gaunt, half-starved people, almost too weak to carry water three or four miles to their homes. The Brigadier lined them up and gave each a loaf of bread. Their faces lit up with deep gratitude!

Seven thousand loaves were distributed on the first trip, besides flour, corn-meal, sugar, milk, clothing, etc.

AMONG THE KARENS

Headman of Village in Burma Among Penitents

LT-Colonel Hancock, writes: "At a Karen village we revisited, the headman seemed indifferent; he gave us no welcome, and offered no assistance. We proceeded to a small bamboo house, where we took food, and prepared to stay the night. We conducted a Lantern Service at night which the majority of the villagers attended. A fair number responded to the invitation to seek Christ at the Penitent-form. We arranged to leave at 7 o'clock the next morning. At 6.30 the headman came to our billet. He had intended going to see him before leaving, to show our friendliness; but his coming to see us relieved the situation. We had prayers before proceeding, and were pleased to learn that the headman was among those at the Penitent-form the previous night."

HELPING THE WORKLESS

Warehouses Rented by Army in Australia as Sleeping Quarters

Commissioner Whatmore writes regarding the Timber Workers Strike: "Thousands of men are out of work and there is a great amount of suffering and want. I have rented, for temporary use, three warehouses, two of which, in addition to our own Shelter, are being used for sleeping the men, and the other for the distribution of meals."

"One of the newspapers, 'The Herald,' has appealed for funds and is assisting us, and in addition we have money coming direct to us to assist in this relief work."

"In addition to providing shelter and meals, we are doing a tremendous thing with old clothes. Large baskets are placed at the railway station, and people bring parcels of clothing which are in due course passed on to us."

ONE OF THE FINEST Fresh-air Camps operated by The Salvation Army in the United States—and there are forty such—is that of Star Lake amid the beautiful wooded hills of New Jersey. Situated about thirty miles from the city of New York this camp, 322 acres in extent, provides a healthy playground for many hundreds of poor children gathered from the hot streets of the great metropolis.

This year a number of undernourished children have been benefited by a special course of sun treatment at the camp, under the supervision of the Child Health Director of the Hudson County Tubercular League.

For a month 151 boys were treated at the camp and returned to their homes much better able to combat the dust and germs of their congested neighborhoods.

Under the kindly care of Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Withers, the camp superintendent and doctor (Staff-Captain) Sanford, the little fellows enjoyed a rare holiday.

Every day down by the lake-side

stay there, a feature of their daily program being a lecture hour when some of The Army's leaders in the Eastern Territory, including Commissioners Holz and Brengle, gave some very interesting and informative talks.

The Life-Saving Guards likewise had a spell of camp life, under the supervision of Adjutant Hazelwood, the Territorial Guard Organizer. A great feature of camp life for the Guards is the instruction given in many practical arts. They are taught woodcraft, for instance, such as how to build a fire and a wind-break in the woods, how to construct a rough shelter of boughs, how to cook a meal outdoors and how to follow a trail. At other times they are given lessons in basket making, plasticine modelling, nature study, household management and many other things likely to prove of practical use in their daily life. A swimming instructor teaches them how to swim; they have enjoyable hikes in the woods; parades for flag-raising and lowering, and a camp-fire every night when the various troops vie



Life-Saving Guards parading for a Flag raising ceremony at Star Lake Camp, on the occasion of the visit of Commissioner Holz

they took the special sun treatment. Each was handed a pair of smoked glasses and instructed to take off their shoes and stockings and lie down on a big blanket. Five minutes their feet and ankles were exposed and that finished the first day's treatment. Next day their limbs were exposed as well as their ankles and feet for seven minutes, and each day a little more of their body was exposed, until for the last week of the camp they were able to be fully exposed to the sun for fifteen minutes front and back. This drives effectively any signs of tuberculosis that may exist in their system and acts as a preventive against future germs that they may be exposed to.

Outdoor sports and recreative play such as swimming, boating, hiking, basketry, volley ball, interspersed with such necessary items as certified milk at 10 a.m. and 3 p.m., and dinner at noon and supper at 5.30 p.m. were also features of life at camp.

Nature lore is another appreciated item with them; almost every hour of the day a member of the tribe appears at medicine lodge with an extra large sun fish, water snake or turtle; or perhaps a jack-in-the-pulpit or a genuine Solomon's Seal.

When they left camp each boy had gained in weight anywhere from three and a half to nine pounds.

This camp is also made splendid use of as a training ground for Young People. A number of Corps Cadets recently enjoyed a ten-day

with each other in putting on a good program. On Sundays they attend meetings in the Pavilion and are spiritually blessed and helped by the addresses given by various Officers. Many find the Saviour at these gatherings. Thus The Army is doing its bit to guide the young life of America into right paths at this and other camps throughout the country.

WINNING THE DUTCH FOR CHRIST

Very interesting news comes from Limburg, a Catholic province in Holland. The newly-opened Corps at Terwijnseel has been compelled to enlarge its Hall and the Divisional Officer recently swore-in eleven Soldiers. A number of Junior Soldiers have also been sworn-in, and considering the difficulties which surround our Work in this part the progress has been really wonderful.

The Women's Social Secretary, Major Jacobs, recently arranged a midnight meeting in a Hall where the midnight Officers usually work. Tickets were given out to the poor girls beforehand, and the meeting started at 11.30 p.m., conducted by Major Jacobs, who received the girls one by one. While a company of Officers sang songs, the guests had coffee, sandwiches and fruit. Several Officers spoke, amongst them Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Westergaard. Many of the girls were moved to tears, and repeatedly expressed their love and respect for the midnight Officers.

"BY FAITH BOOTH FOUGHT THE DEVIL"

Dutch Prime Minister's Tribute to the Founder

Many talents were bestowed upon this gracious man, said the Dutch Prime Minister, in speaking of the Founder at the Centenary Celebrations in Amsterdam. When one considers his life, then one can discern a Luther's power to achieve, the sacrificing love of a Francis of Assisi, the missionary zeal of a Paul. His greatest compelling force was his fervent and living faith. If the Epistle to the Hebrews had yet to be written there would be included in the galaxy of heroes in the eleventh chapter, "By faith, Booth fought the Devil and brought joy and light in the dark hovels of sin, misery, and despair."

What especially struck these outside friends of The Salvation Army was that this great Organization—which derived its name and methods from the military—never joined in the internal fight between the Christ-

ians. They also were attacked, but they seldom retaliated. They had no time for that. They had better work to do. All its energy was directed upon the Devil, the Devil in the world, in its own circle, in its own heart.

Thus Booth intended it to be. A "bond of peace" amongst the Christians, not disregarding the spiritual life which revealed itself in a different form in others. War not against people but against the powers of darkness in the air, which are a menace to the people.

Self-Denial in Dutch Guiana

The Self-Denial Target in Dutch Guiana has been smashed. One girl went without breakfast for five days, and gave money saved to the Fund. A prisoner, converted in an Army meeting in prison, wanted to participate; he made paper flowers, which the prison director arranged to sell, bringing in five shillings, which was given on the Altar on the prisoner's behalf.

At an Army Holiness Meeting held in Dutch Guiana, a Minister of another Church came forward to find the blessing of Holiness.

Two days afterwards one of the girls came to one of the Social Homes and gave her heart to God. We have since been able to get her a situation, and she is now happy and well.



Official Organ of The Salvation Army
in Canada East & Newfoundland
International Headquarters,
London, England

Territorial Commander,
**COMMISSIONER WILLIAM
MAXWELL.**

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addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

PROMOTIONS—

To be Lt.-Commissioner:
COLONEL JAMES BEDFORD, of the
Subscribers' Department, Toronto;

HENRY W. MAPP,
Chief of the Staff.

CANADA EAST

MARRIAGE—

Staff-Captain Benjamin Coy, out from
Sarnia, 13.85, last stationed at Sub-
scribers' Department, Territorial Head-
quarters, and Adjutant May A. Smith,
out from Earlscourt, 12.6.13, last sta-
tioned Women's Social Work, Toronto;
at Toronto, on August 12th, 1920, by
Commissioner Maxwell.

WILLIAM MAXWELL,
Commissioner.

OUR NEW TERRITORIAL COMMANDER

COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,
O.B.E., Appointed to Canada
East

A cable from the General has
been received to the effect that
Commissioner James Hay, O.B.E.,
has been appointed Territorial
Commander for Canada East,
succeeding Commissioner Max-
well.

Commissioner Hay has had a
long and distinguished career on
The Army's battlefield. Coming
out of Govan, Scotland, in 1882,
he was the first Officer trained at
Clapton to reach the rank of
Commissioner and become Princi-
pal of the International Training
Garrison.

He has been Field Secretary,
Chief Secretary, and Territorial
Commander for the British Terri-
tory, and has also held the Terri-
torial Commands of Australia,
South Africa and New Zealand.

It will be remembered that
when the High Council met in
London, early this year, he was
unanimously chosen as the Presi-
dent.

The Commissioner is well-
known to many Officers in this
country. Commissioner Maxwell,
who was for many years closely
associated with him in the Old
Country, bespeaks a very warm
and generous welcome to our
new Leaders from the Salvation-
ists and friends of Canada East.

Our new Leader and his wife
may be expected to arrive in this
country about the middle of
November.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

**Receives The General and Mrs. Higgins
at the Royal Garden Party—Blessings
at Buckingham Palace for The Army's
Leader**

The General and Mrs. Higgins
were invited to the Royal Garden
Party at Buckingham Palace recently.
Commissioner and Mrs. Unsworth,
who had also received invitations,
accompanied them.

Some thousands of guests attended
this, the greatest function of the
London season, including representa-
tives of the Dominions and Colonies,
bishops, clergy, and leaders of other
churches.

During the reception by the Queen
the General and Mrs. Higgins were
very kindly received by Her Majesty,
with whom was His Royal Highness
the Prince of Wales and the gentle-
men and ladies of the court. The
Queen also had some kind and
gracious words to say to Commis-
sioner and Mrs. Unsworth.

Moving about amongst the brilliant
crowd, the General and Mrs. Higgins
met many distinguished people, in-
cluding the Prime Minister, who in-

troduced his daughters to The Army
Leaders, the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd
George, the Earl of Birkenhead, Sir
John Simon, M.P., Mr. Amery, late
Secretary for the Colonies, Sir
Hamar Greenwood, Mr. Arthur Hen-
verson, the Foreign Secretary, and
Mrs. Henderson, Lord and Lady
Palmour, with our comrade, Treas-
urer Smith, of Southsea I, who is
Lord Mayor of Portsmouth, and many
others.

Prebendary Carlisle, of the Church
Army, looking very frail, was also
introduced, and laying his hands on
the General, he blessed him as he
stood with uncovered head.

Dr. Thomas Phillips and the Rev.
F. W. Newlands, M.A., the old and
true friend of The Army, Sir Edward
Clarke, and yet another venerable
figure, the Earl of Meath, were
among the great number who took
special interest in the General and
wished The Army well.

THE COMMISSIONER

**CONDUCTS WEDDING OF STAFF-CAPTAIN COY AND
ADJUTANT SMITH**

On the afternoon of August 12th
the Commissioner conducted a wed-
ding ceremony, when Adjutant May
Smith became the wife of Staff-
Captain Benjamin Coy, of the Special
Efforts and Subscribers' Department.
A pleasing phase of this event was
the fact that it took place at the
Catherine Booth Women's Home,
where the Adjutant has ministered
devotedly for several years past.

A number of the Staff-Captain's
colleagues in the department were
present, one of whom—Field-Major
Urquhart—acted in the capacity of
best man. Sister Mrs. Edward
Smith, of Dovercourt, until recently
Adjutant Clarke, and valued assistant
to Adjutant Smith, supported the
bride.

Mrs. Commissioner Maxwell read a
Scripture portion and Mrs. Henry
prayed.

The Commissioner and the Chief
Secretary each spoke, wishing Staff-
Captain and Mrs. Coy much blessing
and happiness in their united lives.

Mrs. Commissioner Maxwell recent-
ly represented The Salvation Army
when six hundred women, active in
various organizations in the city of
Toronto, were the guests of the To-
ronto Harbor Commission on the
steamer "Dalhousie City." With a
view to showing their guests the im-
provements that are being made
along the city's waterfront, the Har-
bor Commissioners planned a cruise
that would enable them to see what is
being done.

A very pleasant and instructive
afternoon was spent, a life-saving
demonstration being an interesting
part of the program.

Army Officer Rescues Two Men from Drowning

While Captain and Mrs. Wilder, of
St. Mary's, with a party of friends
were spending their furlough at Nor-
mandale, they were eye-witnesses of
a very tragic happening. After hav-
ing their midday lunch, six men from
Simcoe Hydro, who were engaged in
putting the hydro in the village, went
for a row on the lake which was ex-
tremely rough at the time. When the
boat was about 150 yards from the
shore a wave hit it and swamped it.
The six men, all of whom were able
to swim, jumped out of the boat, but
owing to the rough sea and the fact
that they were handicapped by heavy
military boots, they were unable to
make much progress in swimming.
One man was drowned a few moments
before the rescue boat could reach
them. Sister Mrs. L. Gregory saw
the men struggling in the water and
called to the next cottager, who owned
a motor boat. The cottager, Mr.
Guthrie, who is 67 years of age, and
Captain Wilder, hurried as quickly
as possible to the rescue. Realizing
that one man was beyond aid, they
rushed to the help of the others.
While Mr. Guthrie guided the boat,
Captain Wilder dragged one man into
it, who was going down for the third
time, and went to another who had
gone down once, but managed to cling
to the capsized boat until the Cap-
tain got him into it. Another cot-

tager who had noticed the plight of
the men, rushed to the rescue of two
others, whilst the sixth man managed
to swim to shore.

Sister Mrs. L. Gregory rushed to
the beach with blankets to render
what assistance she could to the men
who seemed more dead than alive.
They were taken to the cottage, and
put to bed, whilst Mrs. Gregory and
Mrs. Wilder did all possible for them
until the arrival of the doctor from
Simcoe, who requested them to be
kept in bed until he returned. After
releasing the men the doctor, with the
police and coroner thanked our com-
rades for the valuable assistance.
Given. Mrs. Gregory took advantage
of the opportunity given to speak a
word for the Master, urging the
young men to take this terrible ex-
perience as a warning from God.
While He had taken their companion,
they had been spared for which they
should give thanks to Him.

The body of the unfortunate man,
who was a War Veteran, was not
recovered until Sunday evening. In
response to the request by the under-
taker for volunteers to assist, Band-
master L. Gregory, did his part as a
War Veteran and helped carry the
man from the beach. The man leaves
a widow and four small children.—
L. Collins, Ensign, Simcoe.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY

**Conducts Welcome Meeting in
Earlscourt Citadel for Staff-Cap-
tain and Mrs. Wright**

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wright
were given a hearty welcome to the
Toronto West Division on Wednesday
last, in the Earlscourt Citadel. The
Staff-Captain is the new Young Peo-
ple's Secretary for the Toronto West
Division.

A large crowd was present, and
the Corps Band and Songsters sup-
plied music and song.

The service was conducted by the
Chief Secretary, assisted by Mrs.
Henry and Lt.-Colonel McAmmond.
An appropriate Scripture portion was
read by the Chief Secretary, on which
he based a few pertinent and pointed
remarks. In making reference to the
Staff-Captain he related the interest-
ing fact that a Divisional Young
People's Secretary has the oversight
of twelve branches of Young People's
Work.

Lt.-Colonel McAmmond wished his
welcome in no uncertain voice and
Commandant Gillingham, of Dover-
court, spoke on behalf of the Field
Officers of the Division.

The Soldiery and Local Officers
were worthily represented by Ser-
geant-Major Farwell, of Earlscourt,
who assured the Staff-Captain of the
co-operation of all branches of the
work in the Salvation War.

Both the Staff-Captain and Mrs.
Wright expressed their pleasure at
being thus greeted, and stated that
every power they possessed would be
devoted to the great work they had
in hand.

Their two daughters, who are
Corps Cadets, were present in the
meeting. No doubt they will be made
to feel quite at home by the young
folk of the Division.

FOUR SEEKERS AT OSHAWA

Colonel Henry, the Chief Secre-
tary, was in command at Oshawa
on Sunday night last, and the occasion
was certainly a season of uplift and
inspiration. The Colonel was accom-
panied by the Divisional Commander
and Mrs. Ritchie, and the new
Divisional Young People's Secretary
and Mrs. McBain.

There were sixty present in the
Open-air meeting. This was in the
hands of the Songsters, and it cer-
tainly was a real, live, up-to-date
Salvation Army Open-air gathering.

The indoor service was well at-
tended. The Corps Officers were on
their feet during the night was a very
warm one, yet notwithstanding this
the Colonel led a splendid Salvation
meeting. His talk on the necessity of
being in the will of God and keeping
oneself in God's appointed place
took hold of all present, and the joy
was ours of seeing four souls at the
Mercy-seat, two for Salvation and
two for Sanctification. Mrs. Henry
spoke of the uncertainty of life.
Major and Mrs. Ritchie rendered one
of their splendid duets, "A Starless
Crown." Adjutant McBain had a
word of testimony, and Mrs. McBain
opened the service with prayer.

The Colonel complimented the
Corps on their very fine singing
spirit. It was indeed a well-merited
commendation and the meeting was
certainly splendid. The Band and
Songsters were out in full force and
gave good assistance. The thought-
fulness of the Home League was cer-
tainly appreciated as they had pre-
pared a lunch for the visitors before
leaving for Toronto.

On his way from Canada West to
take up his new appointment as Ter-
ritorial Commander for Sweden in
succession to Commissioner George
Rich, Lt.-Commissioner Charles
Rich, and Mrs. Rich arrived in
London on Friday evening last.
They were warmly greeted by mem-
bers of their family and friends, and
by the Chief of the Staff when he
had an interview with the Commis-
sioner.



A telegraphic message from Colonel Miller, Chief Secretary for Canada West, informs us of the passing away at Calgary of Envoy Wm. Hawley. The Envoy will be remembered in the East, as for many years he was a Local Officer at Charlottetown, P.E.I. He was the composer of many Army songs, including "From the General down to me."

The Life-Saving Scouts of the Montreal Division have enjoyed the privilege of a Camp of their own this year at a delightful Summer resort known as Hudson-on-the-Lake. Scout-Leader West made arrangements for them to camp there in detachments from July 1st to August 15th. A Divine Service Parade was conducted by Staff-Captain Keith one Sunday, at the Sea-Cadets' Camp, which was close by. The Staff-Captain also had a conference with the Leaders and conducted an inspection.

Adjutant Herbert Hill, of Migration House, London, recently conducted a party of seventy immigrants to this country on the "Antonia." The Adjutant is a member of the International Staff Band, and is the son of Band Inspector Hill. Regarding the party he conducted, there are groups of youths for placement from our Woodstock and Smith's Falls Lodge; a number of domestics for Toronto and district; also a number of women and children who have been assisted by The Army to rejoin husbands and fathers in various parts of the Dominion.

Commandant Trickey took an active part on behalf of the "dry" section of the population of Verdun in connection with the recent referendum. The question before the people was whether beer should be sold in grocery stores. By means of letters to the papers, public platform work and personal canvassing the Commandant sought to convince as many as possible that it would be an ill thing for the community to allow liquid poison to be sold side by side with pure food. In spite of every effort, however, a majority was obtained in favor of the sale of beer. French and English speaking committees opposed to the by-law have entered a protest against certain irregularities in the voting, and will continue to campaign against the drink.

Captain and Mrs. Renshaw, of Bracebridge, welcomed a baby girl to their home on August 11th.

Commandant Galway recently addressed the Sons of England at their coronation service in Avondale Cemetery, Stratford.

A Corps report was received this week from Bermuda, whether sent by error or just for auld lang syne is not known. It is from Captain Skidington, of Southampton, a Newfoundland Officer. The report describes a nine-mile bicycle ride which the Captain took, and a meeting in an Oddfellows' Hall, when three persons were converted. God bless our comrades in the Land of the Lily and the Rose!

Life-Saving Guards at Camp

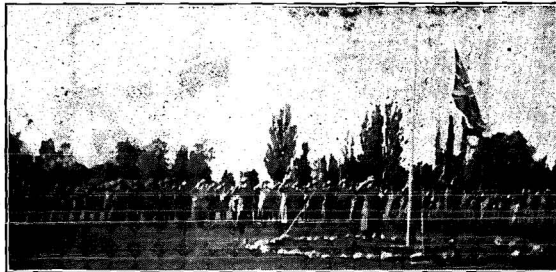
Happy and Useful Days in God's Great Outdoors at Jackson's Point



Guards on the march

FROM Niagara Falls, Hamilton, and all parts of Toronto they came—together one hundred and twenty maidens of the red and grey—to spend happy, glad days and blissfully restful nights in God's great outdoors at Jackson's Point Life-Saving Guards' Camp. Adjutant Ellery, the Guard Organizer, was again in charge, assisted by Captain Bloss, while the Territorial Young People's Secretary, who was flourishing at the Camp, took the keenest interest in the young Life-Savers.

The almost ideal weather has contributed in a great measure to the contentment and happiness of spirit, and the carrying out of each day's separate and interesting program left little time or inclination to do other than enjoy to the full the



Flag raising—an early morning ceremony

A CHARACTERISTIC ARRIVAL

Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Barnard Turner made a characteristic arrival in England from South America (East) at the end of last week. The liner by which they travelled docked late on Friday night, and the Commissioner was at Headquarters ready for duty soon after nine on the following morning.

Both were present at the Memorial Service for Commissioner Booth-Tucker at the Regent Hall on Sunday.

The Chief of the Staff had a long interview with the Commissioner on Monday and confirmed his appointment as Director of Migration. This appointment, which makes the Commissioner the responsible Officer for Migration Work in all aspects, is an important one, and his experience in that work in Canada will be useful to him.



Finding of the "treasure" at the end of the treasure hunt

charm of camp life.

With a delightful, breath-taking plunge at 7 a.m., the activities of the day commence. The raising of the Union Jack follows half an hour later, accompanied by the singing of the National Anthem by sweet, girlish voices. Ten minutes of brisk "setting-up" (very aptly termed "up-setting") exercises, and a keen appetite for breakfast is the result.

Breakfast and prayers over, the camp is put in shipshape order, and the morning hours pass all too quickly in an exciting baseball game, hunting "injured" persons in the bush or on the shore, and rendering first-aid, learning how to resuscitate the apparently drowned, cross-country hunt, dispatch carrying, chalk chase, or various competitions.

After dinner, a welcome rest-hour is provided. Then the main feature of the afternoon—bathing in the refreshing waters of Lake Simcoe—is



A lesson in artificial respiration

enjoyed to the full. Many who could not swim when they entered will be able, on reaching home, to proudly relate their conquest of another point in their test which had seemed so unattainable a few weeks before. Indeed, a goodly number of campers have tried and passed their 50 yards and 400 yards swimming tests.

Oh, how the loaves of bread and pounds of butter disappear at supper time! When the "inner man" has again been satisfied (for a short time at any rate), the evening's program is faced with eagerness. Sometimes it includes camp games and competitions, a hike to the neighboring village, a sing-song with charades, or a blazing camp-fire with its stunts, mock trial or camp-fire yarn.

Again, the honoring of the Flag, and evening prayers, bring us to the end of another "perfect day."

By the blessing of God, no accidents occurred to mar the happiness of 1929 Camp, and it has been voted by the old-timers as one of the best.

—G.B.



Beth's Call

The Life-story of a Canadian Woman Officer

CHAPTER VIII

Among New Friends

"SAVOY," "Queens," called the man at the station of S—, stamping up and down in the snow to keep the blood circulating in their feet.

"Have a cab, Miss?" "No, thank you. I prefer to walk." Elizabeth held her head high. No one should suspect that she was a stranger, very poor, and a long way from home. She walked up the street following the cabs as they swung away, their sleigh bells tinkling merrily. She thought of the disciples who, on coming to Jerusalem were to find a man carrying a pitcher of water. If she had seen such a one she would assuredly have gathered that the Lord had sent him, but no such a man appeared. A boy crossed her path. "Where is the Salvation Army?" she inquired of him.

"A block back; turn to your left," he said.

She did so, and soon came to the large frame building with a Quarters in the front of it. A horse and sleigh stood in front and a huge white sheet over the horse announced a big banquet and a Hallelujah wedding taking place the same day. The Captain was busy taking cakes from the sleigh to the Hall.

"Are you the Captain?" she asked him.

"Yes."

"I would like to speak to you," she said.

"Well, here or in the Quarters?" he queried.

"In the Quarters if you please," she said.

A Tremendous Relief

"All right, in a minute," and good-naturedly he led the way. His wife opened the door to them, and they passed inside. To Elizabeth's amazement she saw in the front room one of the Officers of the staff with whom she was very well acquainted. It was a tremendous relief to her overwrought nerves, and she burst into tears.

"Why, Elizabeth," he ejaculated, "what is the matter? What brought you here?"

"She could not reply save to sob, 'I've run away—from home.'"

All the pent-up trouble broke forth and she sobbed and wept. He left her alone for a time and gave a few words of explanation to the Captain. They asked her to dine with them then and in the afternoon when she regained her composure the Staff Officer asked about the circumstances. She explained them to him. He knitted his brows and considered for a while. "And what are you going to do now?" he asked her at length.

"I must earn my living," she said.

"I must get a situation at once."

"But to-day?" he queried.

"I know they will look for me," she said. "I wonder if there is a kind sister who would let me stay with her until I get a situation?"

Again the Staff Officer was silent. Elizabeth guessed the wisdom of silence and did not worry.

During the busy day crowds of people came and went. In the room where the food was being prepared the women discussed the girl in the Quarters. Elizabeth remained in the Quarters, fearing that efforts were being put forth by her parents to locate

her, but that evening when the "big go" was all over, she drove away with some Salvationists ten miles into the country to their farm.

On the day following Elizabeth arose early. The man of the house intended driving into town with a load of wood and so she wrote a letter to her mother and father in which she declared she was quite all right, very happy and comfortable (although she was not wholly happy), and asked them not to worry about her and promised to write again in a few days. This she arranged to be mailed to her home town. It was well that she did, for at her home consternation reigned. Elizabeth's conviction that her mother had gone to the town that morning on her account was not without reason. She had seen and interviewed several

about her present whereabouts he knew nothing. Bitterly disappointed they came home again and reported failure. No sleep came to Mr. and Mrs. Adams that night. Different plans were arranged as to what steps to take to find the missing one. If Elizabeth was having a sad time it is certain both mother and father suffered more, and so, when on the afternoon of the following day a letter came through the mail from their daughter the immediate pressing anxiety was greatly lessened. They must trust her now until they found her. Surely she would be good. She had never given them anxiety as far as her moral conduct was concerned.

"Perhaps your daughter has eloped with a young man, Mrs. Adams," said a would-be sympathizer.



"Are you the Captain?" she asked him

Salvationists of the local Corps in reference to her daughter's waywardness.

When she returned home she missed Elizabeth, and learning that she had gone also to town she concluded she had gone to visit some of her friends, although this was a very unusual procedure on Elizabeth's part. The mother felt uneasy as the day advanced and she finally sent one of her sisters in search of her. "Is Elizabeth here?" the girl enquired of a neighbor whose sympathies leaned strongly towards Elizabeth and The Army.

"No, I've not seen her for some time. Why, is she not at home?"

"No; she left this morning and mother is anxious about her."

The neighbor mused and then said: "Tell your mother that if God wishes to have Elizabeth in The Army she may build a wall about her, but God will have her."

The message did not reassure or ease the mother's anxiety. About 5 p.m. the father came in and immediately he was told of Elizabeth's absence. He said little but was soon seen sitting weeping in a retired place. After tea the horse was hitched to the sleigh and mother and son-in-law drove away to the village where Elizabeth had been just the night before. To the Captain's great surprise they questioned him as to the whereabouts of the young girl who had visited the Meeting the night before. He related in detail all that passed but as to information

"No, indeed," the mother replied. "She was not given to that sort of thing at all. Oh, no. It is all in connection with The Salvation Army. We objected to her being a member and she thought she ought to be and she is very determined. You can't change her mind. I wish she was home, though. This anxiety is very wearing on her father and myself."

Money was not plentiful, but money was procured somehow and travelling and telegrams became a daily round. But although all was done that could be done, days passed into weeks and still no trace of Elizabeth could be found. At the out-of-the-way country place Elizabeth made herself as useful as she could. The friends were very kind to her, but she was greatly handicapped for clothes. She was reduced to borrowing, but soon concluded that would not do. A situation she must get and as quickly as possible. She had, on the second day of her arrival written another letter, this one to a friend in Toronto appealing to her to procure her a situation and collect if possible her first month's wages and forward it to her for railway fare. So after a week at the farm one cold morning she mounted the load of wood beside her friend and benefactor, the farmer, and began the slow ten mile journey to town. They were sorry to see her leave them, but they recognized the stern necessity of her earning some money and so, wiping the tears from her eyes, the farmer's wife and children kissed her goodbye and bade her Godspeed. When Elizabeth came to

town she made her way to the Officers' Quarters.

"Are there any letters for me?" she queried.

The Days Passed Slowly

"Yes, here is one." She tore it open. It was from the friend whom she had seen as she left home. Bella had also received, a line to allay her anxiety and she forwarded a dollar to help Elizabeth in her dilemma. There was, as yet, no letter from Toronto. A temporary shelter was offered by a dear old widow lady, also a Salvationist. This kind woman bought some printed cotton for Elizabeth with her precious dollar and together they fashioned and made a house dress. Two or three other articles of clothing had been presented to her, so she was able to tie up a small paper parcel of belongings when she next took her flight. But the days passed very slowly while she waited for the letter which it seemed would never come. She kept closely at home, fearing to go on the street or even to a Meeting, so sure was she that diligent search was being made for her. She did venture one Sunday to go to the 7 a.m. Prayer-meeting. How it blessed and soothed her troubled heart. They sang that morning the beautiful words:

"Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my head when drooping."

"Midst the angry billows roll;
I will trust Thee.
All my life Thou shalt control."

Truly in her experience every word was true. Trust the Lord she did and surely she would not be confounded. (To be Continued)

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ

"LIFE AND DEATH"

By The Army Mother

THE Centenary of Catherine Booth's birth recalls her wonderful books, of which the author of a recent brilliant Swedish study says that in them is contained all The Army's theology. Let it be said right away that there is nothing dry-as-dust in that "theology." These Salvation addresses delivered though they were forty-five years ago, breathe reality in our tangled world of to-day. For the problems of the human soul remain the same, and seldom was there a sadder soul physician than Catherine Booth.

Often she cuts deep, in this powerful book. Speaking to the religiously indifferent, Mrs. Booth says, in one passage:

"How wicked in the sight of angels and all holy intelligence, thus to murder your soul for want of a little thought! Oh, how wicked to circumvent the purposes of God and help the Devil to damn the world when a little thought and consideration would have prevented it. . . . You are worse than an infidel. . . . He does profess not to believe in God; but you profess to believe in one, and yet take no notice of Him!"

On the other hand, in the midst of an outspoken declaration on Mercy and Judgment, she feels the audience "ought to get up and sing a song of praise," because of this blessed and glorious truth, that all God's dealings with our race are merciful and restorative, and that in the case of the very worst of men God is doing all He can for their Salvation—that He in no single instance consigns to wrath before He has truly and honestly tried to save!"

Frequently the reader will find new light flashed on old familiar subjects, light that may pain, may reveal hidden reservations and wrongs. It will be hard to get away from the seemingly logical development of her themes, which is one of the great features of The Army Mother's expositions. This book is obtainable from The Trade Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ont. Price, \$1.00 postpaid.

Some Canadian Reminiscences

Related by Colonel Stephen Marshall who has now retired from Active Service after a Long Career of Stirring Warfare for God and The Army

STEPHEN MARSHALL, red-headed, astute, young Canadian business man of 1885, had no desire to be a Salvationist, still less to wear a gaudy religious uniform, and certainly no idea of becoming a Salvation Army Officer, until all these things he did and for forty-four years has waged a warfare of exceptional prowess in a brilliant career of outstanding accomplishment.

Making Business Boom

The youngest of nine children of a successful farmer, early Stephen Marshall insisted on a business career, even although his Presbyterian parents had fondly hoped that he might become a Presbyterian minister. In the little town of Acton, Ontario, at the age of nineteen, he started business with a partner, who was but two years his senior.

All the stock of their store had been obtained on credit and in spite of herculean efforts on the part of the two youths business failed to become a break. Then bristled forth a typical Marshallian idea.

"The only way we can succeed is to give the impression of success," thought the optimistic one of the flaming red locks to his partner. Which seemed sensible and tempting.

So the horse and wagon was made ready a number of times each day, piled up with packages and crates and driven at a great speed to all parts of the town. It at once appeared to all that the young business partners were the busiest folk in town.

People talked, customers began to flock to the store, soon additional help had to be hired and a thriving business was built up in a few weeks.

It was about this time that a professional skater invaded the town. Everybody flocked to see him and Steve Marshall was hurriedly putting up his shutters one night to follow the crowd when The Salvation Army came to hold their Open-air meeting just outside the store. Passionate in their dedication and fervent in their worship they also knelt in the street to pray for the sinners of the neighborhood. And the young business man was impressed.

A "Jailbird" Special

A few days later the Captain came and asked that a window-bill, announcing special meetings, might be displayed in the Marshall store. It stated that he was an ex-jailbird, who had been arrested for playing a snare-drum in the street, was to lead the Sunday meetings.

Stephen Marshall went to The Salvation Army the following Sunday night. In spite of the noise, rabble and tumult, which marked the gathering, he was admitted, more than he dared admit, the sincerity of the Salvationist.

In the Prayer-meeting the jailbird "special" came and asked him if he was a Christian. "That's my business," was the curt reply uttered in the irritation of the moment. And then as a thought after-thought, "It's a pity you can't mind your own business. A girl like you would be better at home under your mother's care."

Whereupon the girl Officer, utterly crushed, just wept.

Marshall left the gathering feeling ex. A compelling conscience-consciousness reminded him that The Army Officer was more interested in his own Salvation than he was himself and he was mortified.

It generally happened that when he attended an Army meeting after that he eventually found himself in a seat from which it was impossible to easily slide out of the service. Thus was he entrapped soon afterwards to donate fifty cents towards a new Bible for the Corps. It was his first and an unintentional link with The Salvation Army. In the same way afterwards when a powerful address had been delivered and he was greatly under conviction of sin there was no way of escape and he found himself at the Penitent-form.

day.

Then came the question of becoming a Salvation Army Officer. It was not a pleasant future to anticipate, and young Marshall would fain have put the idea from him but for the impelling desire within to do all the good that was in his power to do. He, therefore, read Army books and studied the organization's aims and methods and later in a meeting led by Commissioner Coombs in Hamilton, Canada, made an utter consecration.

"If it's God's will and I am accept-



Colonel Stephen Marshall

He got gloriously saved that night, but still had not the slightest intention of joining The Salvation Army. He was merely interested in the organization and determined to support it from time to time.

Pushed to the Front

After the converts' Prayer-meeting the following Sunday the Captain said, "Mr. Marshall, won't you come on the platform to-night?" "Oh, no!" was the emphatic reply, "I am not a Salvationist nor do I desire to become one." But the Captain pointed out that a number of the more timid converts were backward in publicly taking their stand. "If you will come to the platform I know they will follow you," urged the Officer. So Stephen Marshall went to the platform.

The town only boasted of a population of 2,000 souls, and when he faced the crowded Hall from the platform Marshall knew that he had committed himself to The Salvation Army. In like manner to give the backward and shy people a lead he was induced to put on a red Salvation Army jersey. The idea was repugnant, but for the Kingdom's sake it was done, even though the young man's face matched the bright vermilion of the primitive uniform.

In spite of himself Stephen Marshall became a Salvationist. There was bitter opposition from Marshall senior, who had heard of the escapades of his son and came over to investigate. One Sunday, Stephen went to the homestead to lunch, and lo! when he peeled off his topcoat there was the inevitable red jersey. "Well, Steve, I really did think you had a little common sense!" expostulated the irate father. And Steve did not stay for lunch that

ed for Officership," said he as he mailed his application and the necessary papers, "I'll go willingly, but I hope with all my heart that I am rejected."

Acceptance came by telegram, with orders to proceed to Ontario, in ten days. The man had to dispose of his business interests and it was, therefore, nearly a month later as a Cadet on July 22nd, 1885, he went to assist a Lieutenant at the small Ontario town. The Corps, was considered at that time to be one of the hardest in Canada, but young Marshall went there with a brave heart and much confidence.

"Every public appearance of the Salvationists was greeted with showers of ancient eggs, squashed tomatoes and miscellaneous garbage, but the Lieutenant and Cadet pulled through. Souls were saved and after three months fifty Soldiers had been enrolled.

Tackling a Rough

One night when the roughs were exceptionally savage and interrupted the inside meeting continually the Lieutenant ordered, "Cadet, put that fellow outside!" Cadet Marshall eyed a hulking brute of a heavyweight, but in a trice got him in a strangle hold and bounced him over the fence outside. All of which made an indelible impression not only on the interrupter but upon the whole of the community who from thenceforth commenced to treat The Army well.

At the end of four months of service came the promotion to the rank of Lieutenant and the appointment to Whitby. Six weeks later Marshall was a proud Captain and in charge of Sherbrooke.

It was not the easiest of places. He succeeded lassie Officers and the

town did not want men; the roughs immediately threatened to railroad the new arrivals out of town, and the assisting Lieutenant was so unmusical that he did not recognize one tune from another.

A local blacksmith with a fast-trotting horse tried to ride through The Army march. In addition to the Captain and Lieutenant there were two boys who played bass-drum and snare-drum, respectively. Stephen Marshall, however, boldly stepped out and caught the horse's bridle and held him back while "The Army" went by; then saluting the enemy blacksmith, blandly wished them well.

A Famous Saying

This rough the blacksmith to a fury and he slashed his whip at The Army Captain. The previously hostile crowd at once began to take sides with the Salvationist. They cheered now where before they had booed. Next day an alderman of the town tried to induce the Captain to swear out a warrant for the man's arrest. This, of course, he refused to do. The facts got into print and the Officer's words, "I'm here not to put men into jail, but to keep them out," became the talk of the city.

From that time the place was won for The Army and in the short stay of only four months there were 130 conversions, with fifty-five Soldiers added to the roll.

A sudden transfer to the Montreal I Corps was certainly not the easiest situation to face. Here again lassie Officers had made themselves very useful and popular, and the advent of men leaders was not welcomed. This interesting fact was told Marshall as he arrived in the city.

In his first meeting, therefore, he deplored the fact that he was not a woman, told the congregation it was not his fault and then proceeded to pray for the continual success of his predecessors. "Give us a chance," he said to the people, "and we'll serve you."

Again the tide turned. Soon 500 people were attending the Sunday morning Holiness meeting. A revival broke out. In a year there were over 300 converts. A Band was formed, composed of fifes and drums, and has developed through the years to the famous musical aggregation which graces the platform of the Montreal I Citadel to-day. Some of the members of the first Band are still playing.

Such are some of the Colonel's memories of his warfare in Canada previous to his transfer to the United States in 1893, where he held many important commands.

THE ESSENTIAL

"We should never open the Bible without first lifting up our hearts for heavenly illustration. And whenever, as we study, we see no glory on the sacred page, let us recognise what is amiss. It is not that there is no glory there but that our hearts are dull and our eyes holden; and all we need is remembrance of Him and a sight of His blessed face."—Rev. Prof. David Smith, D.D.

WITH OR WITHOUT CHRIST

Have you ever thought how much you can do without Christ? You can make a fortune without Christ. You can do great things and achieve the world's glory and glamour and appreciation—you can do all that without Christ. You can become great scholars without Christ. It is much more difficult to do these things with Christ; but this is Christ's verdict upon everything in life that is not eternal—He calls it nothing. "Without Me you can do nothing; without Me you can do nothing. Fill it up, remember that Christ calls it 'nothing'."

"Without Me—severed from Me—you can do nothing."



Newfoundland News



CAMPAIGNING IN THE NORTHERN PENINSULA

LT-COLONEL DICKERSON recently visited every Corps on the Treaty shore from La Scie to Griquet, the most Northernly part of the Sub-Territory.

Everywhere he was heartily greeted and assurances of welcome were evidenced at each place. Gun firing, hoisting of flags, cheering, and other tokens of the esteem in which the leader of The Salvation Army is held, greeted the "Bramwell Booth" as she entered the various ports.

On Tuesday, July 9th, Staff-Captains Earle and Cornick and Ensign Brown, left St. John's for Campbellton, at which place The Army motor-boat was lying at anchor.

Charming Scenes

Ensign Parsons, the skipper of the boat, had arrived several days before, and seen that the boat was in good condition. Final preparations were made by Thursday noon, and at 1-30 p.m., the anchor was weighed and the voyage commenced. The sea was smooth and the weather very pleasant. Passing through Notre Dame Bay the various islands and the bold headlands presented charming and ever changing scenery as viewed from the deck of the "Bramwell Booth." Reaching the Horse Islands, about fifteen miles off the mainland, after sundown, it was decided to stay for the night. At 6:30 next morning the journey was continued. The water supply running low, a stop was made and some ice, which had broken off from one of the numerous bergs scattered around, was picked up. This, when melted, made excellent drinking water. Griquet was reached that night.

Most Northernly Settlement

A full day was put in on Sunday at the Corps. Lance Pidgeon, the most Northernly fishing settlement on the East Coast of Newfoundland, was visited on Monday. A couple of delightful days were spent here with Brother A. Roberts, who is the chief planter of this settlement and the first settler. The party was given a hearty welcome and in spite of his crew having the two days to put away eighty barrels of fish, meetings were held both nights and were much enjoyed.

The party returned to Griquet on Wednesday to await the arrival of the Prospero, on which Colonel Dickerson, sub-Territorial Commander, Staff-Captain Bracey, the Training Garrison Principal and Ensign Payne, who has lately returned from India, were to arrive.

Just before midnight the steamer's whistle was heard, and soon the remainder of the party were safely landed.

Renewing Their Vows

On Thursday night a great welcome was given the Colonel in the Citadel. Towards the close, as the Colonel asked for those who wished to renew their vows to come forward, a great number did so, pledging themselves for better service to God and The Army. On Friday night Ensign Payne was the principal speaker, giving a very interesting lecture on her work in China and India.

The Colonel, being desirous to see Lance Pidgeon, another brief visit was made on Friday. He was warmly welcomed. The men of this place lined up on their stages or on their ships with guns and fired a salute as the Colonel landed. An enjoyable day was spent before returning to

Corps Along the Treaty Shore Visited by the Sub-Territorial Commander in the "Bramwell Booth"—Replenishing Water Supply from an Iceberg—Small Fishing Settlements Heartily Welcome Salvationist Visitors—Soul-Stirring Meetings and Many Seekers

Griquet for the evening meeting.

On Saturday morning the party set out for St. Anthony, a distance of twelve miles, where they were greeted by Ensign and Mrs. Winsor, the Commanding Officers of this Corps. After dinner a visit was paid to the Grenfell Mission and Hospital. A great work is being done here through the labors of Dr. Grenfell, and the people of the Northern Peninsula are not slow in expressing their appreciation.

In the Grenfell Hall

The Grenfell Hall was kindly loaned for the Saturday evening service. The party was warmly welcomed and the meeting enjoyed. The Sunday services were full of fire and enthusiasm. In the Holiness service a number came forward for consecration and in the night service a number were converted.

St. Anthony Bight, the next appointment, being only two miles from St. Anthony, the "Bramwell Booth" was left at the harbor, and the visit to the Bight was made in smaller boats. Flags were flying and on landing it was found that a feast had been prepared in honor of the Colonel's visit.

Several comrades from the harbor came over for the night's service which was a blessing and help to many.

Early next morning the party started for Englee, about fifty miles distant. A break was made for dinner at Crowe, where we visited Brother Rideout, of Lushes Bight Corps, who fishes during the Summer months at this place. After having dinner with him the journey was resumed and Englee reached at 5 p.m. This settlement is situated at the mouth of Canada Bay and The Army has an all alive Corps there.

The meeting at night was very good, and although many of the comrades had come long distances in order to be present they entered into the spirit of the meeting with such fervor that hearts were melted and upwards of fifty persons came forward for Salvation or consecration.

On Wednesday we left for Hampden. In spite of wind and tide being unfavorable, a distance of about forty miles had been covered by noon. Here a break was made for dinner at Little Harbor Deep, a long narrow inlet, after which the journey was resumed and Hampden reached about 7 p.m. The boat had travelled for the day about eighty miles. This town has been built up in recent years and lying at the very bottom of White Bay it can be seen for miles as one approaches by water. It is a very busy logging centre, at present operated by the Canadian International Paper Co. Our Citadel stands on the side of a hill overlooking the town, and the sight from this spot as one looks out over the Bay is truly magnificent.

The meeting on Wednesday night proved to be a great success. Many came forward for consecration, and others were converted. The Thursday evening service was also a time of blessing. A visit was paid to the hospital of this place on Thursday afternoon, and the Colonel and party were kindly received by the matron and doctor in charge.

Real Army Spirit

On Friday morning the party left at an early hour, as a distance of seventy-two miles had to be covered before reaching the next Corps. After nine hours the boat reached La Scie, a very pretty harbour in the form of a semi-circle. Our Corps is not very large at this place, but a real Salvation Army spirit was evidenced in the evening service. The Colonel and two others were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, who are warm friends of The Army, the remainder of the party staying with Brother and Mrs. Hewlett. The party was off again at about 7:30 a.m. with a view to reaching Lewisporte. This proved to be the roughest strip of water experienced for the whole trip. When rounding Cape St. John the engine pump got choked, which caused a delay of a couple of hours. Running before a strong breeze from the north-east, Bridgeport was reach-

ed about 3:30 p.m., where good was said to Ensign Payne, who was to visit here for a few days. In the evening Campbellton was visited, and after tea with Commandant and Mrs. Oake, the journey continued to Salt Pond.

Colonel Dickerson and Staff-Captain Bracey landed here, while remainder of the party went on Lewisporte, where the boat was in their hands.

Soul-Stirring Meetings

The next morning, Sunday, Staff-Captains Earle and Cornick, Staff-Captains Parsons and Brown, walked back to Salt Pond, a distance of six miles, where the party was announced to do the morning and afternoon services. A soul stirring Holiness meeting was held, when many of therades knelt and claimed a close touch with God. An Open-air meeting was held in the afternoon at home of a sick comrade before indoor service, which took the form of a welcome meeting. Several comrades spoke of the pleasure in having a spoke from the Colonel. After tea a couple of friends took the party to Lewisporte in motor launch in time for the service.

The meeting here was a climax to such a tour as this. The Colonel spoke with power, and though having to leave early to catch the train, there were nine seekers for Salvation, Captain Payne continuing the meeting when the party left.

The trip on the whole was a great success. The party wishes to express a note of thanks to those who kindly ministered to them in various billets. Without exception the utmost kindness was shown, for kindness, generosity, and hospitality, the people of the French coast are not a whit behind their comrades of the more Southern Corps, and their spirit of fire and enthusiasm can scarcely be excelled.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

SISTER MRS. COLLINS,

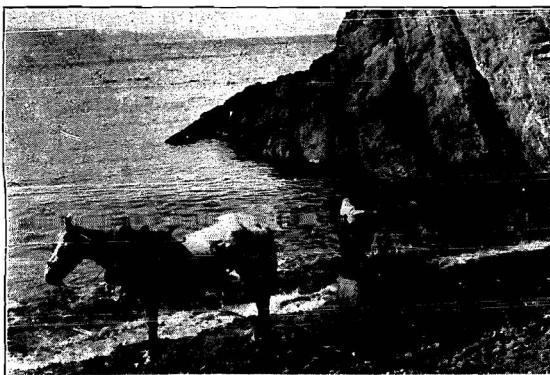
Famish Cove

The oldest Soldier in our Corps, the person of Sister Mrs. Collins, has been promoted to Glory. "Granny," as she was best known, was a faithful Soldier of the Cross. From the day of her conversion to her death she was always at the post of duty. Her burning testimony to the power of Jesus to save and keep, the uttermost helped many people.

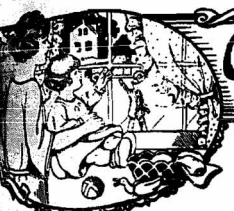
Her fitness was very short. Before leaving us she expressed her desire to go to the land she had so long loved and sung about. The Funeral service was conducted by Candidate Stude, of Kingwell, and was attended by quite a number of people. At the Memorial service many spoke fondly of her Christ-like life and good influence. Our prayers and sympathies are with the bereaved.—R.F.A.

Ten Souls Surrendered

LEWISPORT (Captain Payne)—Lt. Colonel Dickerson visited us Sunday last and we had a glorious time. The heavenly artillery blazed at the fortress of sin and it was only a short while before we saw victory. Ten souls surrendered.—C. F.



A typical scene at many a fishing settlement along the Newfoundland coast. A fisherman hauling caplin from the beach



Of INTEREST to WOMEN

The Legend of the Flowers

By Adjutant C. Baird, Chicago

RECIPES THAT DELIGHT

SAVORY MACARONI
Break some macaroni into short pieces and drop into boiling water. Cook until tender. Cut some onions into small pieces. Put in oil or butter to sauté and fry. Make some batter—4 tablespoons of flour, 1 egg, 1 pint of milk. Place the onions in the bottom of a pliedish, then the macaroni; sprinkle with pepper and salt and pour the batter over it. Bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve with brown gravy.

COCONUT Dainties
Take 4 tablespoons grated cocoanut, the white of 1 egg, 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Beat the egg white, then add the sugar, and beat again, then add the cocoanut. Spread on buttered paper, and bake 15 minutes.

SCALLOPED POTATOES
Take one pint of cream sauce by taking two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of flour, one of milk. Season with one teaspoon of salt, eighth of teaspoon of pepper, and one teaspoon chopped onion. May use raw or cooked potatoes. If raw, cut in thin slices and fry in half to three-quarters of an hour; if cooked cut in dice. Do not cook too long. Put in layers of potatoes and sauce, ending with sauce. When done spread a layer of cream (stale), moistened with milk on top and brown.

DOUGHNUTS
One cup of sugar, two eggs, one of sour milk, one teaspoon of yeast, three tablespoons of melted butter, pinch of salt, flour to make soft dough. Fry in hot lard.

POTATOES AND CHEESE
Boil cold boiled potatoes, put layers in a dish which has been buttered, sprinkle over this a layer of grated cheese. Repeat layers till the dish is full, then pour over one cup of milk or cream. Bake 30 minutes.

TEACHING "TOMMY" TO DRESS HIMSELF

Short straight trousers and a neck wash blouse, make a practical outfit for the small boy. Trousers may be of some other heavy material will wear washing. In making such a suit the trousers should button to the waist so that it might hang uniformly from the shoulders. If the blouse is made of enough to tuck into the trousers, small buttons, fewer buttons will be needed to prevent gaps at the waist. It will be easier for the child to learn to dress himself. The waist has the additional advantage of permitting the suit to be let on only when the child grows. It is not to be done is to lower the buttons.

Teach the child to dress himself, as much as possible. Large buttons will be reached easily, the child will move more quickly. Four buttons on the back instead of three or four with a middle button will let the child's short arms find it with ease. Round button holes are just as easy to make as ordinary ones and they prove neater and more satisfactory on heavier materials. If they are less stiff for the child to manage.

"PEOPLE are trying to imitate the children of God in almost every way, with the exception of the humiliating part of their office."

This remark reminded one of the legend of the flowers, which I will here pass on to you.

The sweet night air was heavy with perfume and through the incandescence of starshine there peeped the gauzy azure of Heaven's canopy. All was still, save for the murmuring of the brook whose joyous voice kept repeating, "He is coming. He is coming," and the answering whisper of the great trees, "Rejoice, rejoice, all nature shall praise His name forever!"

The red rose, blushing and exquisite, spoke proudly, "I shall adorn the banquet table and while my Lord feasts upon the sumptuous spread, I shall be there within the view of all His guests, with my generous blossoms and my perfect scent. All men

of the hill of Calvary, "Who will form a carpet to smooth the rough places for the feet of the crucified Lord of the Garden? Who among the flowers in the beautiful fields, will fill the humble position, and be willing to be torn and trampled and obscure?"

And there was silence among the flowers. The roses hid their sweet faces behind the twining honeysuckle, and the lilies stood motionless, while violets and lilacs of the valley nestled closer down into their mossy couch.

Presently there sounded quiet voices, speaking together, "We will be the carpet for the dear Lord's feet. We are not beautiful, nor have we perfume, but we will gladly be trampled and broken, if we may have the honor of covering the jagged pathway and smoothing it for His feet."

So the next morning when the dew was still glistening, the Lord came through the gateway with its gorgeous archway of lilies, wearing on His beautiful brow a dainty wreath of purple and white. He passed up the rugged pathway leading to the banquet hall. His sacred feet treaded without hurt, because the white daisies in abundance formed a carpet of white velvet. He sat down to the feast prepared where in the center of the table the red roses nodded self-consciously.

And in the evening, while all the other flowers were bright and fresh, the star-like daisies lay crushed and broken and soiled by the passing of many feet.

But morning came! The lilies over the archway, drooped sadly, their whiteness soiled. The dainty wreaths lay withered and pitiful and the roses had shed their leaves. But the daisies had come to life again, for upon their humble petals drops of blood had fallen from the bleeding feet of the Lord, and the broken flowers were back in the fields again blossoming with their faces turned to Heaven like little white stars, tipped with blood.

Again like a falling star, there sounded a voice that vibrated through the forest, hailing the murmuring of the brook and echoing among the colorful blossoms of the garden.

"When I see the Blood, I will pass over you!" And only the daisies looked up unafraid.

Have you chosen to praise and serve the Lord of Heaven in your own way? Do you want to serve Him only from the platforms of public places where men may look upon your good works? Do you seek to adorn the places where all is comfortable and easy and where there is no cross-bearing or humiliation?

Do you seek to serve Him with high position and much responsibility, pleasing to vanity and good to look upon? Or have you heard His voice, bidding you go by the way of the blood-stained cross, to tread if necessary paths of shame and hardship, to take upon yourself the whole armor which includes not the dignity of office alone, but the humility of much serving, the slaying of self and the willingness to be spent and it needs be for His sake?

The mark of true religion is not in length of service, nor in position or honor, not in riches nor wealth, although each of these may be used in its place, but the mark of Christianity is that sweet spirit of humility that bears all, suffers all and is willing to work in any place.

At the end of life, nothing else will count, save what was done for Christ's sake, and these deeds shall shine like dazzling jewels in the crown of the Master.

GOODBYE FAMILY TOWEL

Daddy has a rough towel,
Bobby has a jade,
Mother's towel is turquoise,
Orchid for the maid,
Sister's towel is colored rose,
Grandma's towel is maise,
"Every one a different towel"
Is the rule these days.

And why not? We who shudder at the thought of choosing the wrong toothbrush certainly should be deeply interested in the latest idea which calls for towels of different colors for the various members of the household—the very colors mentioned in the little rhyme, in fact.

A famous laboratory, after clinical tests, has recently announced that bacteria deposited from one's hands to a towel, live on that towel for from 24 to 48 hours and that they definitely can be transferred from the towel to the hands of any other person who uses it.

We avoid the toothbrush, the napkin and the handkerchief of our dearest friend, yet are often far too careless when reaching for a towel. Four members of a family have four times the possibility of depositing transferable bacteria upon one piece of towel as has one member, so that the family towel becomes an easy medium through which a disease contracted by one may spread to several.

It has always been difficult to mark towels of one color or design so that each member of the family will be sure to recognize his or hers. To-day, however, it is possible to secure towels of similar texture yet different colors—all-over colors, from top to bottom and even on the reverse side.

Peach, jade, turquoise, orchid, rose, maise—there have to be six in the family before the colors are exhausted.

FUN AT HOME

Do not be afraid of a little fun at home. Do not shut up your house let the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts lest a laugh should shake down a few cobwebs that are hanging there.

If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a house is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that often ends in gambling and other evils.

Young people must have fun and relaxation, if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, they will seek it at less profitable places. Therefore, let the doors and windows be cheerfully thrown open in summer, and make the home delightful with all those little acts parents so well understand.

Do not repress the buoyant spirits of your children. The best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright home.

A MOTHER'S REVERIE

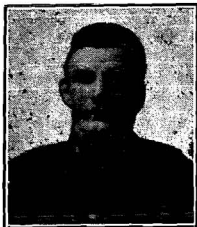
Taking from her pocket her dearest possession—a photograph of her son's grave on the plains of Flanders—the white-haired mother lives over again in tearful gratitude, the journey she made twelve months ago to see the hallowed spot where he lies at rest. Once more she is being tenderly led through the long rows of graves in that "Little God's acre"; again she hears the sweet, gentle voice of her guide in The Army's navy blue; now she is kneeling in recollection at that sacred mound, and the woman Officer with her arms around her neck is kneeling by her side praying. A moment later she imagines she is kissing the grave which she may never see again.

For twelve years on this anniversary day the mother has been buoyed up and cheered in her still poignant grief by the remembrance of that journey and the care and love bestowed upon her by the Officer in navy blue.

IN THE BETTER LAND

BROTHER DAVID PADDOCK, Toronto I

Forty years ago David Paddock was born of God at Pilley's Island, Newfoundland. He became a Soldier, and after years of fighting for God in his home Corps, he came to Canada and Halifax I was the scene of his Salvation activities for some time. Then for a long period he was an active Soldier of Dovercourt Corps, transferring to Toronto I about two years ago. He was recently pro-



Brother David Paddock

moted to Glory, leaving a blessed testimony of his acceptance with God.

The funeral service was conducted by Lt-Colonel Sims; Brigadier W. White and Mrs. Commandant Galway bore witness to his life of godliness and service. On Sunday, July 28th, tribute was paid to his memory, at Dovercourt. Sister Mrs. Paddock spoke of his last days and his triumphant passing and the Band played "Promoted to Glory."

Our sympathy and prayers are offered to his loved ones who sorrow.

SERGT.-MAJOR MARK AYRE, Los Angeles IX

Sergeant-Major Mark Ayre, of the Los Angeles IX Corps, was recently promoted to Glory. This comrade will be remembered by many in Canada, as he served in both Canada East and West as an Officer for



Sergeant-Major Mark Ayre

many years. He joined The Army in Bowmanville in 1887, and became an Officer three years later. Transferred to the United States he attained the rank of Staff-Captain, but resigned from Officership on account of continued ill-health. He continued to be a loyal and zealous Local Officer until he passed away at Fort Collins, Colorado, while on a visit to his wife's relatives.

The funeral service was conducted by Lt-Colonel Sharp (R).

Several comrades of by-gone days spoke at this service, including Lt-Colonel Blanche Cox (R), Mrs. Brigadier Bradley and Commandant John Westacott. Major McLelland soloed and Field-Major Annie Hurst read a Scripture portion.

THE SALVATION ARMY TRADE DEPARTMENT

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Cambridge Bible, Morocco bound, silk sewn, bold type, Bible paper, yapped, 4¼ x 5½ x 1	3.00	.10
International Teacher's Bible, yapped, indexed, illustrated, with Helps, gold on red, 5½ x 8 x 1½	4.00	.15
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"How to know God"	1.25	.08
"Simon—Cross-Bearer"	.90	.05

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This is a good time to order your new Uniforms, or light-weight Overcoats, men's or women's; also civilian suits. All Tailored to measure.
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ALTOGETHER NEW—We can now supply in neatly bound form, Conductors' Copies of Band Music—\$80-950 and 951-1,000. Two separate books, each, post paid, \$3.50.

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We are looking for you

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One dollar ahead, where possible, sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lt-Colonel Sims, Men's Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please note Lt-Colonel Desbrissay, Women's Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

PERRY, Mrs.—Last known address: 1 Westwood Avenue, Todmorden, Toronto. Friends in England enquiring.

ELKINS, Miss Elizabeth—Left Chicago in 1907 for Toronto. A friend who owes her money desires to get in touch with her.

McDERMID, Mrs. Ethel—Lived 123 Wyndham Street, Guelph, Ont. At one time lived in Ialington, Ont. Two sisters and a brother. Relatives enquiring.

JOHNSON, Lizzie Pebbles or Johnson—Native of Ireland. Left Paisley, Scotland, in 1913, for Hamilton, Ont. Age 4. Height 5 ft. 6 ins. Black hair, dark eyes; dark complexion. Spinner by trade. Husband enquires.

STREETER, Violet (nee Fife)—Living two years. Last address: St. Williams, Ont. Age 27. Height 5 ft. 4 ins. Hair, medium color; eyes dark; complexion dark. Mother enquires.

GILLIES, Clara—May be known as Gray. Supposed to be a Salvationist. Black hair, and wore eye-glasses. Sister in Australia enquires.

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL SCOTT (R): Cornwall, Ont., Thurs., Aug. 29; Lisgar Street, Sat., Sun., Aug. 31, and Sept. 1; Dovercourt, Sat., Sun., Sept. 7-8.

LT.-COLONEL McAMMOND: Scariff Plains, Sun., Aug. 25.

BRIGADIER BURTON: Theford, Sat., Sun., Aug. 24-25; Tillsonburg, Fri., Aug. 30; Norwich, Sat., Sun., Aug. 31, and Sept. 1.

BRIGADIER KNIGHT: North Sydney, Sun., Aug. 25; St. John, Sat., Aug. 31.

BRIGADIER MACDONALD: Hamilton VI, Sun., Aug. 25.

MAJOR CAMERON: Saint John, Sun., Sept. 1; Fredericton, Sat., Sun., Sept. 7-8; Campbellton, Sat., Sun., Sept. 14-15; Moncton, Sat., Sun., Sept. 21-22; Sussex, Sat., Sun., Sept. 28-29.

MAJOR KENDALL: Barrie, Fri., Aug. 16 to Sun., Aug. 25; Midland, Mon., Aug. 26, to Mon., Sept. 2.

MAJOR OWEN: Burwash, Sat., Sun., Aug. 24-25.

STAFF CAPTAIN RICHES: Hamilton VI, Sat., Sun., Aug. 24-25.

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CIRCULATION CHART

AN IMPETUS TO PERPETUAL MOTION

The "Work-Itself" Machine Won't Go—Energy Must Be Expended to Make Things Move—From Seven to Forty

SO THEY'VE DISCOVERED the secret of perpetual motion? At last!

But have they? They've been saying they have for ever since I can remember anything about anything. Had a go at it myself once. Thought the hydrostatical paradox would prove the solution, but resulted in failure. They came back to the elementary kindergarten rule of physics, as others have had to do at last, after much

Vain Effort,

that to have any motion at all there must be an expenditure of force, and that a machine cannot create its own force and use it up at the same time.

But these inventors who think they have solved the age-old problem say now that their machine makes liquid air and is operated by less liquid air than it manufactures. Sounds sound!

But—Why am I dilating thus. To impress you, comrades all, that to do any work at all we have to expend energy. We can accomplish nothing whatever on the self-power, perpetual motion theory. Can't be done!

The man who wants to see his Corps moving has to exert energy; the Bandmaster who is desirous of seeing his Band getting along has to work; the business man who wants to see his business going ahead has to get behind it with driving power.

Thus with the sale of "The War Cry." If we want to see progress in our Corps, if we want to see our individual sales mounting skyward we have to put with some energy.

Now you know there are some comrades who, when they read in these columns of heroic heralds who sell their hundreds and two hundreds, wish with all the wishfulness of their

wishing nature that they could emulate their doughty deeds.

They can! Only they don't realize it. Why? Because they get no farther than wishing.

In other words, they want the sales machine to work by itself; they think they've discovered a perpetual motion affair. And when nothing happens they are disappointed, disheartened, disturbed and dismal.

Now look at the other fellow! He says to himself: I ought to be getting a move on here; I am not using this grand opportunity which is placed in my hands to the fullest advantage. Then he commences to lay his plans, holds a council of war with himself, finds out where the weak spots are in his booming, ascertains the most likely places to launch a sales-increase attack, and then throws himself and all his resources into the fray.

In a word, he puts energy behind his booming, and things move.

Just this morning I heard of a happy young comrade who is now selling "War Cry" in a certain neighborhood which was previously worked by another herald. The new, wide-a-w-a-k-e take-a-smile-with-you lassie actually sells forty "Crys" in the same street where the former herald sold only seven. The same "Cry," but a different herald—an enterprising young friend who puts something behind her booming.

So finally, my comrades, have no faith in the work-itself machine; it'll let you down; it'll fail you; it'll make you look foolish; it'll disappoint you. It's no go!

Scrap that old wont-go, perpetual motion idea. Put some real "go" into your booming and you'll be surprised as you watch your sales to

—C. M. RISING.

(Continued from column 1)

North Bay Division

TIMMINS	350
(Captain and Mrs. Ford)	
North Bay	230
(Commandant and Mrs. Cavender)	
Sudbury	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Rix)	
Sault Ste. Marie I.	200
(Ensign Waters, Lieutenant Ibbotson)	
Sault Ste. Marie II.	175
(Captain and Mrs. Calvert)	
Cochrane	180
(Captain Yurgensen, Lieutenant McFarlane)	

Ottawa Division

OTTAWA I	600
(Adjutant and Mrs. Hart)	
Ottawa III	210
(Commandant and Mrs. Davis)	
Ottawa IV	150
(Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton)	

St. John Division

ST. JOHN I	425
(Ensign and Mrs. Ellis)	
Moncton	516
(Adjutant McLean, Ensign Hayward)	
Fredericton	225
(Commandant and Mrs. Poole)	
St. Stephen	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman)	
Charlottetown	225
(Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	
St. John II	150
(Ensign Davies, Lieutenant Pope)	
Campbellton	150
(Adjutant Millard, Lieutenant Brown)	
Woodstock	150
(Captain and Mrs. Hammond)	
St. John III	150
(Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	

Sydney Division

SYDNEY	285
(Adjutant and Mrs. Sanford)	
Glace Bay	235
(Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	
Whitney Pier	150
(Ensign and Mrs. Green)	
Sydney	150
(Ensign and Mrs. Mercer)	

Toronto East Division

PETERBORO	350
(Adjutant Jones, Captain Feltham)	
Yorkville	235
(Commandant and Mrs. Raymer)	
Cobourg	225
(Commandant and Mrs. Hargrove)	
Riversdale	225
(Ensign and Mrs. Falle)	
Oshawa	215
(Ensign and Mrs. Dixon)	
Danforth	200
(Captain and Mrs. Jolly)	
East Toronto	150
(Adjutant Hickling, Ensign Richardson)	
North York	150
(Captain and Mrs. Evenden)	

Toronto West Division

LIPPINCOTT	275
(Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)	
Dovercourt	250
(Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham)	
West Toronto	240
(Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)	
Ligar Street	170
(Field-Major and Mrs. Squarebriggs)	
Swansea	170
(Captain Smith, Lieutenant Clark)	

T.H.Q.

Toronto Temple	150
(Field-Major and Mrs. Ellsworth)	

Windsor Division

WINDSOR I	350
(Commandant and Mrs. Barclay)	
Windsor	275
(Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)	
Sarnia	270
(Field-Major and Mrs. Wiseman)	
Windsor III	225
(Captain and Mrs. MacGillivray)	
Leamington	150
(Ensign and Mrs. Brewer)	
Wallaceburg	150
(Ensign and Mrs. Hobbins)	

Newfoundland Sub-Territory

St. John's	150
(Captain and Mrs. Downey)	
Grand Falls	150
(Commandant and Mrs. Marsh)	
(Lieutenant Downey)	

Two Souls at Napanee

NAPANEE (Ensign Tucker, Lieutenant Bradbury)—On Saturday, August 3rd, we had with us for the week-end Young People's Sergeant-Major Sinclair, from Tweed, assisted by Brother Bradbury from Chatham. The people of the town were aroused by their stirring messages which resulted in a full hall on Sunday night. We had the joy of seeing two souls at the Penitent-form.



TO-MORROW'S CARES

THE LIFE of each one of us is full of perplexities, sometimes of anxieties. Jesus knew that each day would contain some "evil," and bring with it some burden which would tax all our energies and all our strength.

Our Bible tells us that the morrow will bring thought for the things of itself, or literally, "The morrow will bring its own load of care." We have as much as we can do to carry to-day's burdens. Yet many of us try to shoulder to-day the troubles and the cares of the morrow. This is the reason we so often faint by the way, instead of being able to bear our cross.

Jesus never taught that His followers should fold their hands and refuse to exert themselves because God is on their side. We must, He said, concern ourselves with the burdens of to-day, though not with to-morrow's load. When that comes, we shall have grace and strength to bear as well as overcome.

It is comforting to know that when Christ says, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," He is speaking of an ordinary workaday life, such as

most of us are living—to the men who are sowing in the fields or working in workshops and in mines; to the women who are toiling for their own families or in the families of strangers.

The promises of God never fail towards those who seek first His Kingdom and His righteousness. Whilst they are so employed, God pledges Himself to give them the very things those who are living for themselves are so anxious to secure. Even though some are called to pass through deep waters, God gives them compensations and rewards that most of us know nothing about.

Let us neither pity nor envy those who so suffer and are rewarded, but strive to deal with our burdens of to-day without any reference to the cares of the moment.

We sometimes hear of people who "run to meet trouble." I suppose that means they are unduly anxious about the future. Such people are seldom brave under to-day's cares. Having hedged their way with a double allowance of burdens, they reprove at the hardness of their lot, and do nothing to improve it. It is

a waste of time to try to deal with difficulties till they come.

In Christ's sermon on the Mount He tells us that want of faith is the cause of our anxiety. The lark, soaring skywards and trilling forth a cheery song after a single meal, is a type of what every one should be. God gave the seed which the bird gathered. The morrow would bring hunger again, but God would again supply the necessary food. Our faith in God's providing care rests upon even firmer grounds than the trust exhibited by the birds. He is to us what He is to the fowls of the air, but He is more. We have in addition a claim upon Him as children.

—C. F. O.

ON THE TRAIN

Danforth Corps.
Toronto.

Dear Editor:—

Just recently I had the privilege of a train journey. While travelling I met a young lady who was going the same way. After a short conversation I gave her "The War Cry" to read. After reading it she began to tell me how The Army had done such splendid work behind the scenes, also helping those in poor circumstances. It was indeed very encouraging. I inquired if she had attended our meetings. No, she hadn't, but she had heard about The Army's work. I trust I was a means of blessing to her.

On my return the conductor (seeing the uniform) spoke about the wonderful meetings held in Owen Sound on Sunday. He was greatly impressed by the playing of The Army Band.

(Sister) E. Wakefield.

Visit to Canada East and Newfoundland of **THE GENERAL AND MRS. HIGGINS**

Accompanied by Colonel J. Pugmire and Major F. Taylor

ST. JOHN, N.B. - - - SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st.

IN THE OPERA HOUSE

10.45 a.m. - - - HOLINESS MEETING
3 p.m. - - - THE GENERAL will Lecture on "Seventy Nations—One Flag"
The Honorable J. M. B. Baxter, K.C., Premier of New Brunswick, will preside
7 p.m. - - - SALVATION MEETING

HALIFAX, N.S. ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, ROBIE STREET MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd.

8 p.m. - - - A PUBLIC WELCOME MEETING
The Hon. E. N. Rhodes, Premier of Nova Scotia, will preside, supported by leading citizens

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. MAXWELL
will be present at all Gatherings

THE NEWFOUNDLAND CONGRESS

ST. JOHN'S - THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, to MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, - In the Afternoon - Government Reception.
8 p.m. - Public Welcome Meeting.
The Honorable Tasker Cook, Deputy Prime Minister, Will Preside at both Functions

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th - - - OFFICERS' COUNCILS
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th - Afternoon - A SPECTACULAR PARADE
8 p.m. - SOLDIERS' AND EX-SOLDIER'S ASSEMBLY

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th - - - HOLINESS MEETING
11 a.m. - - - THE GENERAL will Lecture on "Seventy Nations—One Flag"
3 p.m. - SIR JOHN MIDDLETON, THE GOVERNOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND, WILL SPEAK

7 p.m. - SALVATION MEETING
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th - - - OFFICERS' COUNCILS

THE GENERAL AND MRS. HIGGINS will also visit the following Centres:

HAMILTON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4th
MONTREAL, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 8th

LONDON, SUNDAY, OCTOBER, 6th
OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9th

Canada East's 47th Annual Congress
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11th, to WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16th, Inclusive
Further Details regarding these Important Gatherings will be given in later issues